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1876

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



No. 7.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON  
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. ILIV.

LAWRENCE & CO. PHILA.

Terms: \$2.50 a Year, in Advance.

# CONTENTS—JULY, 1876.

## FRONTISPICE.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Dionaea Muscipula, or Venus' Fly-Trap. (Illustrated.)	347
An Autumn Holiday. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey	348
Snow. By Abram Rose	354
A Song of Summer. By John Stuart Blackie. (Illustrated.)	355
Sketches of Ireland. By Marion Knight. (Illustrated.)	356

### THE STORY-TELLER.

Nelly's Trouble. By Hester A. Benedict	358
The Model Old Maid. By J. E. McConaughy	361
Mary and Maud. By Mrs. E. B. Duffey. (Illus.)	362
Miss Dalrymple. By Irene L. Miriam; and the Life She Laid Down. By T. S. Arthur. Chaps. xvii., xviii., xix., xx., xxI.	369
To Him that Hath shall be Given. By Ruth	382
My Gala Day. By Mrs. R. W. Brainard	383
Eaglescliffe. By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. Chapters xvi., xvii., xviii.	384

### RELIGIOUS READING.

Give and it shall be Given unto You. From a Sermon by Rev. John Goddard	391
---	-----

Good in all Things. By Mrs. E. M. Conklin... 32

### MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Praising Children..... 32

### BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The Mud-Wasp..... 33

Little Crocus. By S. Jennie Jones..... 34

### THE HOME CIRCLE.

Pottsville Papers. By Pipissaway Potts..... 34

Our Parlor..... 34

Letter from Gertrude..... 34

### THE GREAT CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Our First Visit..... 37

### HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

Recipes..... 38

### FASHION DEPARTMENT.

Fashions for July..... 39

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Disregard of Law by Men in High Positions.... 40  
Froebel's Kindergarten Occupations for the Family..... 40

### PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

40

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FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1876.

(Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE," by E. BUTTERICK & CO.)

## Ladies' and Children's Garments.



LADIES' COSTUME.—(For Description see next Page.)

## DESCRIPTION OF LADIES' COSTUME.

(For Illustration see preceding Page.)

Cambrie is the material made up in the suit illustrated by this engraving, and the decorations consist of the material and velvet ribbon. The skirt hangs very prettily, and was cut by pattern No. 4413, which is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents. It is trimmed with a flounce of the goods, which is edged with a frill of the same and headed by a tiny standing ruffle and a bias band. It is six-gored and quite full at the back, but the front and sides cling closely to the figure. The over-skirt is a graceful affair with a deep front-gore, but draped and arranged differently at each side. It closes at the back with hooks and loops beneath velvet ribbon bows, and is trimmed to harmonize with the skirt, being edged with a frill headed by a band and ruffle. The bow observed at the side takes the place of the stylish pocket described in the label to the pattern, which is No. 4072,

price 30 cents. The pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and is suitable for silk or worsted, as well as for the material mentioned.

The basque is fitted by a dart at each side of the front, while the back is adjusted by side-backs and a center-back seam, the latter extending only to the waist-line, below which the skirt is slashed. The front is long, but the back is short, and a round collar completes the neck; while deep demi-cuffs finish the coat-sleeves, and, like the remaining edges of the basque, are bordered with a narrow ruffle and a tiny band. The front closes with hooks and loops under bows, while a velvet cravat fastens the linen collar, and linen cuffs are about the wrists. The pattern to this pretty and serviceable basque is No. 4158, price 30 cents, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure.



4443  
*Front View.*



4443

*Back View.*

LADIES' POLONNAISE, WITH A PLAITED BACK.

No. 4443.—The pattern to the stylish polonaise illustrated, is suitable for any dress material, and is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. The front is fitted in a peculiar manner by two darts at each side—one terminating at the arm's-

eye, and the other at the shoulder-seam. The back is plaited, and crossed below the waist-line by a knotted sash. To make the garment for a lady of medium size,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, are necessary. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



4447

*Front View.*

4448

*Front View.*

4436

## MISSES' SKIRT, EXTENDING TO THE ANKLE.

No. 4436.—This engraving represents one of the most recent skirt patterns. Cambric is the material illustrated, and the pattern is in 5 sizes for misses from 11 to 15 years of age. To make the garment for a miss of 13 years,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 30 cents.

## CHILD'S PLAITED PRINCESS COAT

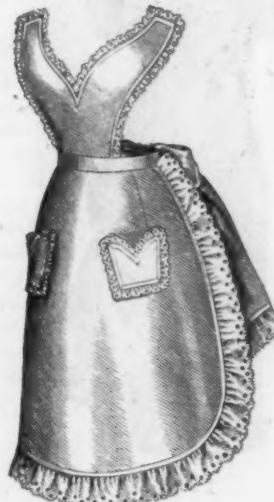
No. 4447.—The pattern to this elegant little garment is in 4 sizes for children from 3 to 6 years of age, and costs 25 cents. To make the coat for a child of 5 years, 4 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required.



4447

*Back View.*

4448

*Back View.*

4440

## LADIES' APRON.

No. 4440.—The charming apron here illustrated, is made of nainsook and trimmed with Hamburg embroidery. To make an apron like it,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



4434

*Front View.*

## MISSES' OVER-DRESS.

No. 4434.—The charming garment illustrated by these engravings is made of striped cambric, and trimmed with the same. The pattern, which is suitable for linen, cashmere, delaine or any dress goods, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. To make the garment for a miss of 12 years, 3 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be needed. The sash is of ribbon, but may be made of the material, if preferred.



4434

*Back View.*

4433

*Front View.*MISSES' SLEEVELESS  
POLONAISE,  
OPEN IN THE BACK.

No. 4433.—This pretty garment requires 3 yards of 27-inch-wide goods, together with 1½ yard of silk 20 inches wide, to make it for a miss 13 years of age. The pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age, and costs 30 cents. The material employed in this instance is alpaca, but for Summer, thinner goods are more appropriate.



4433

*Back View.*

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"And seated herself with a manner so unconscious of his presence and observation, that even he was deceived."—Page 367.

# ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

CELV.

JULY, 1876.

No. 7.

History, Biography and General Literature.



DIONEA MUSCIPULA, OR VENUS' FLY-  
TRAP.

NOTWITHSTANDING all the questionings of modern science, the phenomena of plant life will remain more or less enigmatical, until we can be ascribed with undoubted certainty physical and chemical causes solely, and yet little can be traced back to the power of a divine and individual intellect. Only one thing is certain—they are subject to a vital force which is the springs of their existence. Where this vital force disappears, life is at an end, and destruction inevitable.

All scientists, however, who have examined the subject thoroughly, agree on this point, that plants enjoy a life as active as that of most animals, and that they show signs of more or less sensibility. Bichat unquestionably admits this. Experiments innumerable have proved beyond doubt that there is in plants a degree of sensibility analogous to

that of animals. Electricity and narcotics affect them. If sensitive plants are watered with a solution of opium, they fall asleep. Prussic acid poisons plants just as it does human beings.

"Although the existence of nerves in plants may be still doubtful," says Bichat, "yet it is certain that the irritability manifested by sensitive plants seems absolutely under the control of organs which are analogous to those of animals, since they are impressed in the same manner, and by the same agents, as those of animals."

Among plants endowed with marvellous qualities, and giving evidence of possessing a certain degree of animal if not of sentient existence, is the *Dionaea Muscipula*, or Venus' fly-trap, a very fine representation of which, about the size of life, is given at the head of this article. This singular plant inhabits the savannas near the sea-coast of North and South Carolina, as far north as Newberne in the former State, and as far south as the Santee in the latter. The first specimens intro-



"And seated herself with a manner so unconscious of his presence and observation, that even he was deceived."—Page 367.

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VOL. XLIV.

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duced to the knowledge of the scientific world were brought from South Carolina by John Bartram, in 1788.

The Dionaea belongs to the Droseraceæ, or sundew family. It is a pretty plant, bearing several elegant white flowers. The leaves, which constitute the most singular portion of the plant, and from the peculiar organization of which it derives its claim upon our attention, spread out close to the ground, and terminate in two lobes joined to each other by a hinge and surrounded at their edges with prickles. These lobes lie open like the leaves of a book, and a liquid resembling honey is spread lightly over the edges, which attracts the unwary fly, or other insect. Between the two lobes, just where they join, there are three sharp bristles; and as soon as a fly, or any other insect, crawling over the surface, happens to touch one of these bristles, the irritability of the plant is excited, and the lobes, suddenly closing, imprison the insect, like a rat in a steel-trap. The more strenuously the insect endeavors to escape, the more firmly the jaws of the trap close upon it. The little prisoner is not crushed and suddenly destroyed, as was formerly supposed; for, if at once liberated, it will speed away with liveliness such as springs only from terror. But if not set free, the imprisoned insect is speedily enveloped in a mucilaginous fluid secreted by the leaf. This fluid, as has within a year or two been demonstrated by a series of careful experiments, conducted by Mrs. Mary Treat, of Vineland, New Jersey, acts as a solvent, which consumes, or digests, the imprisoned insect, and brings it into a condition to be assimilated by the plant, and thus to become subservient to its nourishment. When the nutritive matter of the insect has been exhausted, the lobes again unclosed, and the worthless remains of the dead victim are cast aside, and the trap is once more ready for action. The food thus derived by the plant is not thought to be essential to its existence. However this may be, it certainly seems to perform an important part in its economy.

### AN AUTUMN HOLIDAY.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

OUT of the land of peaches and grapes, into the land of apples! Out of the warm sunshine of the mild September weather of the Middle States, into the chill air of an autumn in New England!

A ride of twenty miles from Sandy Hook to New York, across the most magnificent bay in the world, with the sea like glass, the air mild and somewhat hazy, yet not enough so to obscure the many points of interest: this is the beginning of our journey. Then follows the ride up the Hudson, past the Palisades, through the Highlands; the enchanting scenery around West Point; the prolonged view of the Catskills; and finally our landing at Albany, wearied travellers, but wearied through very excess of enjoyment.

Albany is like—well, like every other large city, I suppose. At least it may be for all I know to the contrary, for I did not look at it. However, it possesses something unique—an obliging railway

official, who seems more willing to answer your questions than not, and who volunteers all necessary information for which the bewildered traveller has forgotten to inquire.

A short ride by rail takes us (there are three of us, so this is not an editorial plural,) to Troy; and here all properly-disposed travellers would conclude to remain for the night. But we are not properly-disposed travellers, and decide that we will go a little further on our way. We reach Troy by or before seven, and find that no train will leave in the desired direction before ten. Three hours of waiting! Is there anything more depressing than these delays at railway stations? More than this, it is the first cold night of the season, and we are glad to draw all our wraps about us, while we wonder what we shall do with ourselves. The depot is commodious—no doubt the pride of the Trojan heart. But it is cheerless tonight, because fireless. A bright thought strikes us—supper! We prolong that meal to our utmost possibilities, but being Americans born, we find it impossible to fill even a moiety of the three hours with it. So we are clearly thrown upon our own resources for the balance of the time. One of us—the most elderly, and, consequently, the least curious—sits down in the cheerless depot to a novel. The remaining two of us go out, and ascend to the top of Mount Ida, which stands behind and overlooks the city. We pass churches; we pass the imposing Catholic university, whose many towers we had seen from the opposite side of the Hudson when approaching the city; we locate the late Mrs. Williard's seminary for young ladies (only to find, at a later day, that we must dislocate it, and put it down in the lower part of the town); and, best of all, we view the City of Troy by moonlight. That view repaid us for those hours of waiting. Below us, as far as the eye could reach, were dark masses of buildings, lighted up here and there by the moonbeams, while a million lights glanced among them. The view from Mount Ida by moonlight is enchanting; by daylight it must be magnificent.

It is ten o'clock at last, and we sleep the hour away which takes us from the busy and beautiful city upon the river side, to a little inland town, or rather hamlet, where we design to pass the night. A happy thought, that of ours, to exchange the noise and roar of the city for the quiet of the country, that we may sleep. A neat hotel directly beside the station, furnishes us the best of accommodations for the night, and the nicest and best served of breakfasts on the morrow. We are not one whit nearer our journey's end for our night-time trip, since we must wait the morning train from Troy before we can proceed. But how immensely we have gained, after all! We have more than an hour for a ramble among the roadsides, and up the hills of a most delightful country. Eagle Bridge is a little collection of houses just on the western borders of the Hoosac range of mountains. There are hills on every side, and afar, to the east, the blue crests of higher hills are visible. Think what a morning that was, to us, who were fresh from the Jersey sands, with eyes long unfamiliar to the sight of rocks and hills!

The air was fresh and crisp, and a brisk walk up the nearest hillside set the blood dancing in our veins, and made us feel a glow of life and health to which we had been long unused. And then we beheld a succession of views which an artist would desire to put upon canvas—blue hills, grassy slopes, gray rocks, clumps of wide-spreading trees and tangled roadsides bright with color.

All earthly delights must have an end, so this morning's pleasure was brought to a quick ending by the rumble of an approaching train; and presently we were en route for North Adams. All too quickly for us the cars sped along, through the most picturesque scenery, whose beauties are unrivaled anywhere in the world. Hills, each higher than the last, stretched away on either hand; while along the borders of the mountain stream whose course we were following, were clustered graceful groups of trees, presenting a variety of form and foliage exceedingly pleasant to the eye. Here would be a farm-house, its owner busy harvesting his buckwheat, which lay in scarlet rows upon the ground. Again, a neat New England village nestled at the foot of the overhanging hill, and drew its opportunities for industry and wealth from the beautiful, noisy stream which went brawling beside it. Everywhere factories presented their prosaic faces to the traveller. As we clipped off a tiny corner of Vermont, we saw evidences of the marble works for which that State is celebrated; and we even got glimpses of the white marble, still unquarried, cropping out from the hillsides as we passed.

As we hurry by Williamstown, we try to locate the buildings of the college which has educated so many of our famous men. For want of any more positive evidence, we conclude that the domes and spires rising above the living green which surrounds them, at a distance of perhaps half a mile from the station, probably indicate the site of the buildings of which our eyes are in quest.

As we hurry on our way, the scenery becomes more rugged and grand. As why should it not, since we are nearing the far-famed Hoosac tunnel? On our right rises a hill higher than any we have seen. It stretches so far away upward, that we can only behold its summit by sitting close to the window. When we reach North Adams, the hill is still our near neighbor. A change of cars, and ten minutes' ride, brings us to the lovely little town of South Adams, and still the hill is with us.

Two hours or more to wait again, but they will not be hours of idle or impatient waiting. There is the country to explore, and that is best done by ascending the nearest hill. A hillock, steep and high, rises abruptly behind one of the principal streets. Foot of man has certainly trodden it before, for there is a tolerably well-worn path to its summit. And foot of beast has most undeniably preceded us; for there, in the most delectable portion of the summit, stands a ferocious-looking cow, forbidding our farther progress. To be sure, she is quietly chewing the cud in meditative mood; but there is no knowing what she might fancy to do, if we were to disturb her. So we keep on the safe side of the protecting fence, and

content ourselves with what we can see from our attained position. Enough, surely, to satisfy all but the most greedy after the beauties of nature. We see the pretty village sitting quietly in the valley, with its cottages, its factories and churches. And away to the north the view of hill, mountain and valley combined, is one upon which the eye would never become weary of gazing. Even while we look, a cloud skims over the surface of the earth, and resting upon the middle-ground of our natural picture, brings out into brighter relief the greens, grays and browns of the immediate foreground, and the soft, hazy purple of the remote distance. The effect of this passing cloud is indescribable, and can only be imagined by an artist.

Directly to the west stretched backward our fellow-traveller from Williamstown and North Adams. We repeat and ask his pardon for calling him a hill, for he is a mountain indeed, grand, but not at all gloomy, at least not to-day. He was most benign to us, for he smiled upon us, and invited us to visit his recesses and heights. But we were obliged to decline the invitation to-day for want of time. That was our first real familiar acquaintance with a mountain. To be sure, we have crossed the Alleghenies many times; but they are usually sullen and gloomy, or in tears; and, besides, they always disappoint us, in not being so grand and large as we have expected to find them. And then we watched the Catskills for hours as we ascended the Hudson. But they were too dignified and unapproachable for one to dare make any advances to them. One would as soon think of addressing our chief magistrate as "Ulyss," as taking any familiarities with the grandly awful peaks of the Catskills. But here was a mountain actually smiling in one's face, and inviting the most friendly approaches; and he will ever be remembered as a friend. At a later date we learned his height and name. A schoolboy told us the former in exact feet, volunteering the additional information that he had to repeat it every afternoon in school. It was three thousand and something—five hundred and twenty-eight, I believe—or seventy-eight—I have forgotten, since I was never very good at remembering figures. Thirty-five hundred feet and more, our friend raised his stately head, and looked upon all the country round about. He is a brave mountain, too, for he comes first and foremost of the Hoosac range—the advance guard of the Green Mountains—marching down from Vermont. They said his name was Greylock, though why Greylock they did not explain.

We could have visited with our new friend for a week; but duty, in the guise of a stage-driver, called us away. We had taken passage in his stage for Plainfield, the north-westernmost town of Hampshire County, and duty was as impatient of delays as she ever is. This stage-driver—Mr. Eldredge by name—really deserves a word here. He was affable and obliging, always ready to supply information, or to consult our comfort, and he added much to the pleasure of our journey through the wild Berkshire and Hampshire Hills.

What an afternoon of delight that was! Hills

rising higher and ever higher before us; bold rocks cropping out on the faces of steep cliffs, or lying in confusion upon the ground where they had fallen, loosened from their rest of ages, by the action of frost and water. And then the varieties of foliage which the hillsides and valleys presented!—maples, hard and soft, beeches, birches, elms, hemlocks, spruces and cedars, with an undergrowth of ferns and autumn flowers. As one magnificent view was lost, another took its place. We climbed hills; we descended valleys; we rode along the edge of ravines; we beheld with pleased satisfaction the fringed gentians which grew along the roadsides; we recognized old and long-lost favorites among the flora of the rocks and streams; while Greylock watched us with kindly interest almost to our journey's end, standing, as he did, a head and shoulders higher than the intervening hills.

The day was growing colder, and it was not without pleasure that we at last reached the end of our journey. To one of us there was much of sadness as well as pleasure in this journey's conclusion. Forty-five years before, the elder of our party had left the town of Plainfield, herself then a young girl; and was now returning to it for the first time, after the toils and turmoils of a long and weary life. Whether any were still left in the town who would remember her, she did not know. She asked after a son of good old Parson Hallock, who did a pastor's service in the little town of Plainfield so many years ago, and was so well and so widely known.

"The old gentleman is still alive," said the stage-driver.

"Oh, no," said the questioner, "that cannot be, for he died years ago. It is his son I mean."

"Yes," was the reply; "I understand. But Mr. Hallock's son is himself an old man now."

"Can it be possible! Why, when I left, he was in the prime of life, and I had never thought to find him in any other condition. Ah! forty-five years make strange changes!"

Indeed they did! Those who were boys and girls with her, were sedate and gray-headed old men and women. There were people there who remembered her, and whom she remembered. The writer of this article could not now, after a lapse of twenty years only, go back to the Western town where her childhood was spent, and find so many of her companions as this elderly lady did in this New England town after a much longer period. The older generation still remained upon the ancestral acres, but the young people were gone.

Railroad travel is making sad havoc with the little towns off their lines of business and travel. Plainfield and its adjacent townships are fast dwindling in population. There is nothing to keep the young and enterprising within their borders. They have no factories to monopolize local industry; and if a man must farm for a living, he finds the wide-spreading prairies and river-bottoms of the West much more grateful for the labor expended upon them than the sterile hills of his native State. And so he goes away, while father and mother are left behind on the old

place. When these latter die, the old place reverts back to something like its original wilderness. At least such seems to be the case, since our companion testified that the land was rougher, wilder and more uncultivated, and farm-houses scarcer, than fifty years ago. The census shows that the population of these towns is rapidly decreasing. In 1850, Plainfield, I think it was, numbered over eight hundred inhabitants; while the latest census returns show less than five hundred. It will not take long, at this rate, to depopulate the town entirely.

How can I respect the privacy of those New England homes, and at the same time pay a proper tribute to the unbounded hospitality which was there afforded us? I must say that we were soon domiciled in one of the pleasantest families I have ever known, who really made us feel that we were conferring rather than receiving a favor; the only claim to whose hospitality was that we both traced our descent back to the same great (or was it great-great?) grandmother; yet who chided us that we did not come at once, and in the name of our common ancestor—good Susanna Alden, of Puritan descent—to claim that hospitality, instead of waiting until it was extended to us. Pleasanter days we never spent than those beneath that roof-tree. Our days were given to calls, rambles and sightseeing, and our evenings to reminiscences of the past by those who cherished those reminiscences, and to philosophy and fun by those who had none in common to cherish.

On Sunday we attended church, of course. The day was wet and disagreeable, and we thought that it was on this account that the attendance was poor. But we were afterwards told that there were seldom more at church than on that day. A stranger preached, so we were disappointed in our expectations of being able to discover the exact kind of theology which still held in the pulpit established by Mr. Hallock.

It may not be amiss to say some word of the religious state of this part of New England—at least as it presented itself to us during our flying visit. The same old theology is still taught, but it is only a lifeless body, out of which the soul has long since departed. In the days of yore, attendance to meeting on Sunday was considered one of the duties of life, which no one could neglect, and still maintain his standing in respectable society. Now there are very many people who stay away regularly from religious service. The regular attendance is small—very small indeed. The creed of the past, which is still clung to with tenacity by the few, has wrought out its own result; and that result is not increased fervor in religious matters, but rather a dead indifference. One does not find here the active, intelligent, conscientious forms of unbelief in the Puritanical phase of religious thought which are encountered elsewhere, but a listless supineness in matters of faith. The people of the present generation of rural New England do not disbelieve or question; they would be horrified to be accused of doubting; they simply do not care. Like those who dwell upon the borders of Niagara, and become so accustomed to its roar that they no longer hear it,

so these people have had the cry of eternal perdition and the terrors of hell rung in their ears, until they cease to be frightened by them. It is pleasing to note that, among the more thoughtful and better class of people—people, too, who still think they are holding on to the tenets of their fathers—there is a growing spirit of tolerance and of liberality in religious matters, and a dissatisfaction with the husks of doctrine, with which they are still fed.

Monday was a day of days; for did we not go to visit the Bryant homestead and see the poet himself? I have already told the readers of the HOME MAGAZINE the pleasures of that trip. (Right here let me make corrections of two or three errors which crept into that article through defective memory. It is the Rev. William A. Hallock who was author of "The Mountain Miller." He is Secretary of the American Tract Society, and not of the Board of Foreign Missions. Furthermore, George Vining was not a deacon.) Returned from this excursion, there was still time for a little ramble along the margin of a tiny brook which flowed deep down in the valley, with the grand hills uprising on either side. Oh, it was a beautiful little brook! Its bed was a continuous rocky formation, and its sides were lined with stones worn off by the action of the water. Over its margin hung maples, beeches, birches, spruces and hemlocks. The writer of this article made one discovery whilst beside this brook. She found the very place where she ought to have been born, and have passed her childhood. There in that farm-house, whose southern front overlooked the valley where this stream rippled in summer, and roared a torrent in spring, she should have found her earliest home. Life would have been very different with such a home. What inexhaustible delights this stream would have afforded her childhood's hours! How she would have mused and meditated, and been stirred by grand thoughts, too big for her childish heart, beside it! How the gray rocks would have been objects of love, and how the beauty would have filled her soul. Not even the stern theology, descended to her from a long and unbroken line of Puritan ancestry, could quite have shut out of her life the influences of nature, and prevented them being a blessing to her. Beginning life in such a paradise of natural beauty, she might have become a poet. Who knows? Alas! it is too late to think of making a home there now! Even as I write, with the mild November sun shining more serenely and kindly than it did there in those September days, the snow lies deep and white over all those hills and valleys, and stern winter reigns supreme. As we grow older, we more and more dread the cold.

Tuesday was a day of visits and rambles. First came a pilgrimage to the ancestral home. Down a long, steep and precipitous hill, past a pretty little mill pond, and then up another hill, through a winding road, or rather lane, of fairy-like beauty—with trees overarching, and a perfect carpet of bright green ferns along the roadside—and the old farm-house which is our goal is reached. Time has made little changes in the house itself, we are

told. But young elm-trees have been planted, and grown into magnificent proportions, since last the elder of our party beheld the place. The old orchard is quite gone, and the "new orchard" of forty-five years ago has only a few decaying trees remaining. Ever aspiring, we ascend to the very top of the hill, which overlooks the house on the west. And here is a view than which none can be lovelier in all that beautiful New England country. It is broad and far-reaching, with farms and woodlands, hills and valleys. I cannot describe it, for description would seem tame.

On the summit of this hill there came a little episode. A very old man was perceived toiling slowly up the hill in the opposite direction from that in which we came. The one of us who had once called this hill-side home—already learned that she must look among the old for those she had once known—waited to greet him, and see if she could recognize and be recognized. They met, and told their names.

"And is this Molly Allen's daughter?" said the old man, with a fervent clasp of the hand. "How long is it since your mother died?"

"My mother is still alive and well," was the reply.

"Molly Allen still alive!" he exclaimed, in astonishment, while the tears streamed down his cheeks. "I used to think so much of Molly Allen when we were boy and girl together. How much I would give to see her once more before we both die!"

This meeting was to this old man a sudden summoning back for nearly three-quarters of a century, to the days when "Molly Allen" was Molly Allen, and not Mrs.—somebody else, and when he possibly cherished a strong boyish affection for her.

Down that beautiful winding hill once more, where on the way we gathered four varieties of ferns. When fortune favors us, and scatters gold in our path, that hill-side shall become our possession, so that its rare beauties may be preserved intact; and on its summit shall be established our summer home. Alas! brief summers, in this locality only three months long!

In the afternoon we visited the country graveyard, where the dead of half a century are buried. There was the grave of the Rev. Moses Hallock, whose tomb-stone sets forth briefly his good deeds—how many boys he had educated, how many young men inducted into the ministry, how many prepared for missionaries in a foreign land. There, too, was the grave of Joseph Beals, "The Mountain Miller," of saintly memory, and of George Vining, his companion in sainthood. The names of Beals, Vining, Hamlin, Allen, Dyer, Warner and others, which we do not now recall, were repeated over and over again, showing that generation after generation of the same families had come to repose in this quiet spot.

From the church-yard we prolonged our walk northward, gathering varieties of purple aster and rich clusters of golden-rod, whose yellow plumes were now at their brightest. Along the roadside we discovered here and there the tiny, delicate, purple-tinted blossom of the houstonia, which

elsewhere we never saw in bloom save in the spring.

We are ascending a hill, rising gradually higher, and as we rise the view becomes more extended. A high bluff in the field at our right tempts us, but an angel with a flaming sword—or, in other words, a herd of cattle quietly feeding upon the hill-side— forbids our reaching that paradise. We are not cowards—no, not by any means. The writer has never yet quailed before man. But a cow—that is a different matter. A lion in the path could scarcely be more formidable.

So we wander merrily and regretfully along the roadside, gathering what we can of beauty from the scene. The air is cold and keen, and there is a threat of a cold rain, but we are not daunted. What is a storm amid such scenery as this!

Ah, who is that, nodding so familiarly to us from the western horizon? Who but Greylock, indeed! He out-tops all the surrounding hills, and looks as friendly and benign as when last we saw him, amid the hills of Savoy. A grey lock of cloud is floating over his forehead, and now we understand his name. We recognize him with a shout of joy, and he keeps us company along our route. The view is broadening into magnificence before us. The Hoosac Mountains are in plain view, rising range upon range to the remote distance. The trees and near hillsides are still green, and the landscape, as it stretches from our feet to the furthermost line of faint blue mountain, is beautiful indeed. As we look, a storm passes over the mountains, causing them to fade away, and sink into hazy outlines; and as they thus apparently recede, and still retain their position above the horizon, they seem to loom up grander than ever. We turn a corner of the road, still ascending the hill, and constantly obtaining finer views of the mountains and the between-lying slope. Perched on the summit of the hill, by the road-side, where the road begins its descent, there is a long, low farm-house, with a porch in front. It is like many of the farm-houses in New England, apparently of but one story in height, since the eaves come quite down to the first story; but between these wide-spreading eaves there is a broad and even high chamber. Its position seemed somewhat bleak this stormy September day, situated as it was on the northern slope of a hill, and, if I remember aright, it had no overhanging trees, and certainly no enclosing fence. Yet from that front porch a magnificent view of extended valley and bounding mountains could be obtained. No wonder Charles Dudley Warner is such a lover, and such a good interpreter, of nature, since here, in this hill-side farm-house, with the everlasting hills constantly in his view, he passed the early years of his life.

The afternoon is waning, and we turn and take our homeward way. The light upon the mountains shifts and changes. Sometimes they smile and sometimes they frown. Now they are near; again they seem more remote. But they are always beautiful and always grand. Greylock is still there, like a helpless old giant, the lock upon his forehead tossed about by the wind, but still shadowing his brow. Greylock he shall be to us

forever, in memory of this day, let geographers call him Saddle Mountain as long as they will.

We turn to take our last look of mountain and valley, before we say good-bye to the scene. Let it be a long look, one the memory of which shall last us through life. The scene must have been photographed in some mysterious manner upon the retina of my eye; for after I had retired at night, the moment I shut my eyes, it sprang up before me with all its brightness, and every outline correct, yet through no act of memory, since my thoughts were elsewhere at the time.

A ride over New England hills, especially through Savoy, on a bitter cold autumn day, with insufficient wraps, is something which rather incapacitates the mind from the enjoyment of beautiful landscapes. That Wednesday was bitter cold. We hugged ourselves, and held our breaths, and shivered, for three hours and a half, and even magnificent masses of rock, or bright-colored foliage, touched by the frost since last we had passed that way, failed to elicit any very ardent bursts of admiration. Still we could not but look kindly upon Greylock, when his friendly face appeared in view. His brow was unswept by cloud, while a flag-staff rose from the summit of the mountain, proclaiming that a road had been completed up his steep sides. Next summer a hotel will be built upon the mountain top; and in the coming years crowds of visitors will ascend, and enjoy the magnificent outlook which it undoubtedly affords. We sincerely hope that the proprietor of the projected hotel will send us an invitation, when it is finished, to come and spend a week with him, free of expense. If he does, we shall certainly accept it.

We find warmth and dinner at the Greylock House in South Adams. These country hotels! How much of comfort the traveller obtains in them. Good dinners, well served, and moderate prices. Who would put up with the discomforts and exorbitant charges of city hotels, when they can be avoided?

Southward our course lies, through Pittsfield and Chatham Corners, Greylock overlooking us at intervals the most of the way. We bid him good-bye many times, only to behold him again and again. At last we lose sight of his hoary head. Good-bye, Greylock, for this year at least. But we shall surely meet in the future, for we shall come some time to seek you.

Our next adventure is a ride of eight miles over a rough country road in "York State," from Hillsdale to Harlemville. We wandered a little out of our way, not knowing our road perfectly, and this night ride is the penalty of our ignorance. It is near sundown when we start, and the gray twilight soon creeps on. The Berkshire Hills loom up on our right, defining the State line between Massachusetts and New York. The night gets darker and colder, and at the same time our road becomes rougher. We have for our driver a Martin Van Tassel, not a lineal descendant of Katrina Van Tassel, of whom Irving wrote, since she, when she married, was Van Tassel no longer; but a man who, no doubt, belonged to the same family. We are on classical ground, we might

say, since here, through this whole neighborhood, live the descendants of those old Dutch families whom Irving loved to describe. Dutch names everywhere. Our driver is a genial man, and helps to make the time pass pleasantly. He has never been over this road before, save once in the night; and his horses, young and spirited, are both new to the route. He whispers to the only man of our company: "If the women knew what this road is like, they would be frightened." The *homo sole* responds that one of the women, at least, will be sure to retain her courage, even though the night is dark, the road dangerous and unknown, and the horses springing and starting every few steps. So we rattle on in the thick darkness, sometimes down pitches so steep that we have to brace our feet to keep our places. It is a great relief at such a time to feel that the driver is alone responsible for one's safety, and that all one has to do is to fold one's hands and not worry. The driver says he is taking us over the "Cakeout." That Cakeout must be something terrible, when seen by daylight, judging from the shadow-like glimpses we get of our way. However, we pass it safely, and with a certain amount of merriment; and if there be any fear or misgiving on board, it must be the driver who feels it.

There is no use in trying to frighten us next day, over the dangers we have escaped, by telling of the precipices along the road-side, down which we would have been hurled if the horses had made a misstep. The horses made no misstep, and the danger is past. But we must some day visit the "Cakeout" by daylight, and allow our hair to stand on end at sight of it, if it can do so more than it does ordinarily.

Our destination is at a country farm-house, a little to the east of Harlemville, an old town with a new name, being formerly known as Waterville, and more remotely, and even more extensively, as Fuddleton.

The country is very hilly, we might almost say mountainous. The farm-houses nestle in the valleys at the foot of the hills; while the farmers try to cultivate the hill-sides, some of them so steep that it seems difficult to gain a foothold upon them. We saw a man gathering pumpkins with a horse and wagon, upon one of these hill-sides, where we wondered how the horse ever managed to climb, and where it seemed as if the pumpkins would roll down of their own weight, if their stems were cut. If the doctrines of Darwin are really true, the horses of this region ought speedily to develop into giraffes or kangaroos.

The hills around the house are all of them high enough to tempt the explorer; but one raises its head in the distance, which, from its superior height, is even more attractive than the rest. We are warned that it is too far off to reach—at least a mile distant—and too steep to hope to scale. But we look at it with longing eyes. However, there is a brook in the near neighborhood which is worth exploring; so we set out for a short walk. At a place where there has once been a mill, there is a natural waterfall, and the loose, fragile, slaty rocks are worn into all sorts of curious forms by the action of the water. The pool at the foot of

the cascade is very deep, and we amuse ourselves by throwing pieces of slate into its depths, and watch them eddy and whirl before they reach the bottom. How soft and rotten the stone is! We could pick it all to pieces with our fingers. It crumbles away very fast, and the whole bed of the stream is strewn with the fragments of rocks, which are borne along by the force of the current. The brook is of considerable volume even now; but we are told that in the spring, at the breaking up of winter, it is a foaming torrent, carrying destruction in its course. The stream, a mere rivulet at this place, is the Claverack, or, as the people of the neighborhood call it, the Claver, which goes on augmenting its volume, until it is a power in the land at Philmont, and still further on at Mellenville. Thence it pursues its way, quite a respectable river, until it empties into the Hudson above the City of Hudson. I said it went on augmenting its volume; but that must be understood as speaking generally, for a few rods, or perhaps a quarter of a mile below the falls spoken of, it has noticeably diminished its current. We follow it down, and find its stream growing smaller still, until, at the foot of Wilsey Mountain, the hill already mentioned, it finally entirely disappears. We look in wonder and curiosity. What can it mean? Does the water here run up hill? Such a thing we have never seen before. It puzzles us to see a stream thus lose itself and disappear. But we cannot deny the evidence of our senses. We follow down the course of the empty bed, to find it empty as far as we go. The water has evidently sunk into the coarse, slaty gravel, and is following its course underground.

Then we turn our longing eyes up the mountain sides. They are steep indeed, but not entirely inaccessible, and so we venture to begin the ascent. Up we go, higher and still higher. We are evidently not the first ones who have ascended this hill, since at one place there are traces of former travellers in a tolerably well-worn path. We think we have nearly reached the top, but see a little elevation still ahead of us, which, upon attempting to scale, suddenly heightens and steepens, and shows us that our labor is far from ended. This experience repeats itself several times; but finally we do really stand upon the summit, on a heap of stones which marks the very highest point. What a landscape stretches out before us! No doubt the view from the Catskills is finer and more wide-spread, but we are well content with this. Rising boldly upon the horizon in front of us are the Catskills themselves, the whole range outlined to our view, a white speck upon the edge of a precipice showing us the locality of the Mountain House. This is the grandest view we have had of these mountains; that from the river sinks into insignificance beside it, since that is obtained from such a low level; and here we are raised many hundred feet above the surface of the river. We see a broad stretch of country, faint and dim in the distance, but outlines of hills plainly discernible, to the northwestward. In front of this and of the Catskills, across the whole breadth of landscape, and gleaming like a thread of silver in the sunlight stretches the

Hudson, clouds of smoke along its margin indicating the localities of various towns. Afar to the southward, purple in the distance, and low in outline compared to the Catskills, are the highlands of the Hudson; and, to the northward, if it were not for the intervening branches of trees upon the mountain-side, we should easily locate Albany and Troy. As ~~is~~, we catch glimpses of blue distance and silvery river. Between us and the Hudson stretches a champaign country, which is broken by low hills as it nears us, none of them high enough, however, to intercept our view. To the east the hills rise higher, and shut us in with only a few miles of view. But what is that blue peak afar to the north-east? What, indeed, but Greylock! We had not expected to see our hoary-headed friend again—at least during this trip; but there he is, plainly discernible from the summit of Wilsey Mountain. When, sometime in the future, we stand upon the summit of Greylock, we shall look for Wilsey Mountain, afar off among the hills of Eastern New York.

Getting up-hill was hard, but it was an easy task compared to getting down. Did ever dirt stand steeper? There is one consolation—we shall surely get down somehow, for if we stumble we shall roll without stopping until we reach the bottom. The foot of the hill is attained at last, and a brisk walk along the winding road through the valley brings us back to our starting-point, where we are regarded with some admiration for our walking and climbing abilities, and with more contempt that we should have thought there was anything at the summit of the hill worth seeing.

We had at this place a pleasant visit with new-found friends; but there was just a little damper upon it, in the presence of a woman in blue, who shed an indigo atmosphere around her, and who seemed to consider her most important duty in life to make religion as gloomy and repulsive as possible. She narrated, among other experiences of a religious nature, all of them of a like character, how, when she was upon Lake Superior, she was admiring the pictured rocks; and she said she could not help but think, in seeing those great masses of rock, of the Judgment Day, and how the wicked should flee away, and call upon the rocks to fall upon them. What kind of mental and religious insanity can that be which, in the midst of the overwhelming grandeur and beauty of those pictured rocks, sees nothing to remind the individual of the goodness, and power, and loving-kindness of God, but only of His wrath and vengeance, and of the terrors of judgment and of the infernal regions! This woman in blue is no doubt an excellent and well-intentioned woman, a kind friend, and possibly sometimes a cheerful companion; but she should be banished very far indeed from those who are struggling with nervous infirmity, since she would aggravate such disorders frightfully. Even we, toned up as we were by the exhilarative effects of two weeks' travel, felt the depressing influence of her presence, and wished—not that she were away, but that she were wiser, and more truly imbued with a healthy religious spirit. We have said these

words in kindness, and if they should chance to meet her eye, they are only what we longed to say in her presence, but, in the fear of wounding others, lacked the courage.

The next morning an exhilarating ride in the frosty air, of half a dozen miles or more, takes us to Mellenville, where we meet the cars en route for Hudson. Here the C. Vibbert stops for us, and we are soon steaming rapidly down the river, tired indeed, but not too tired to stand up most of the way for views of the magnificent mountain scenery. Through the gateway of the Highlands we enter the broad-spreading Haverstraw Bay, and afterwards Tappan Zee; we pass the imposing but somewhat monotonous Palisades; we leave the land of romance and beauty, and enter that of prosaic and active business life. New York is reached, and we begin to turn our thoughts homeward. There is no more worth telling. Out of the land of apples, back to find that peaches and grapes are fast disappearing, and that, leaving summer behind us when we went, we have brought a little of the winter with us on our return.

#### SNOW.

BY ABRAM ROSS.

**W**HITE and pure, and gently falling,  
Snow-flakes from the upper air;  
Covering all the drear earth over,  
Hiding branches, brown and bare.

Veiling all the gray, dead grasses  
With a shower of fleecy lace,  
Leaving only fairy outlines,  
That I try in vain to trace.

Even the stumps are white caps donning,  
As if ugliness to hide;  
And the logs are sleeping under  
Blankets fit for fairy bride.

There the cedar boughs are bending,  
And I say, with bated breath;  
"See how life is sometimes shrouded,  
When the air is chill with death."

But the cedar, bending lower,  
Whispers back this thought to me:  
"What is this but God's own goodness?  
Lo! the beauty of a tree."

And I gaze, with raptured senses,  
At the white plumes nodding there,  
And I say: "When summer cometh  
It can never be more fair."

And the hill-tops, in the distance,  
Lifted nearer Heaven seem;  
Sure they need not that the sunshine  
Touch them with a purer gleam.

Shall we sigh for summer ended?  
Shall we long for coming spring?  
Let us, rather, welcome winter,  
Since it can such beauty bring.



### A SONG OF SUMMER.

BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

"Always in your darkest hours strive to remember your brightest,"—J. P. RICHTER.

**S**ING me a song of Summer,  
For my heart is wintry sad,  
That glorious, bright new-comer,  
Who makes all Nature glad!  
Sing me a song of Summer,  
That the dark from the bright may borrow,  
And the part in the radiant whole of things  
May drown its little sorrow!

Sing me a song of Summer,  
When God walks forth in light,  
And spreads His glowing mantle  
O'er the blank and the gray of the night;  
And where He comes, His quickening touch  
Revives the insensate dead,  
And the numbed and frozen pulse of things  
Beats music to His tread.

Sing me a song of Summer,  
With his banners of golden bloom,  
That glorious, bright new-comer,  
Who bears bleak winter's doom!  
With banners of gold and of silver,  
And wings of rosy display,

And verdurous power in his path,  
When he comes in the pride of the May.

When he comes with his genial sweep  
O'er the barren and bare of the scene,  
And makes the stiff earth to wave  
With an ocean of undulant green;  
With flourish of leafy expansion,  
And boast of luxuriant bloom,  
And the revel of life as it triumphs  
O'er the dust and decay of the tomb.

Sing me a song of Summer;  
O God! what a glorious thing  
Is the march of this mighty new-comer  
With splendor of joy on his wing!  
When he quickens the pulse of creation,  
And maketh all feebleness strong,  
Till it spread into blossoms of beauty,  
And burst into peans of song!

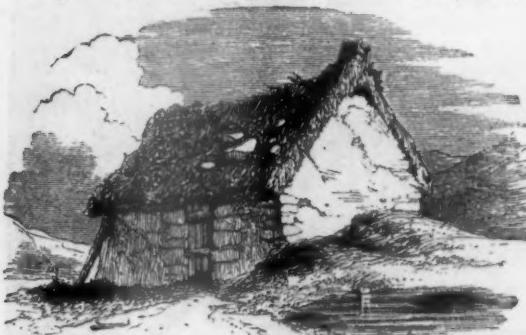
Sing me a song of Summer!  
Though my heart be wintry and sad,  
The thought of this blessed new-comer  
Shall foster the germ of the glad.  
'Neath the veil of my grief let me cherish  
The joy that shall rush into day,  
When the bane of the winter shall perish  
In the pride and the power of the May.

## SKETCHES OF IRELAND.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

## THIRD PAPER.

**L**EITRIM is the north-eastern county of the Province of Connought. In the County of Leitrim, if anywhere, is found the traditional Irish peasant. Here, the victim of ex-



CABIN OF IRISH PEASANT.

orbitant rents and inherited ignorance, he frequently lives in a style unbefitting our domestic animals. Of late years, there has undoubtedly been some advance in his condition, though the description which was given forty years ago of that condition, will all too frequently be found correct even now. This description reads as follows: "An Irish cabin, architecturally described, is a shed about eighteen feet by fourteen, or perhaps less, built of sod or rough stone, perhaps with a window, or a hole to represent one. It is thatched with sods, with a basket for a chimney. It generally admits the wet, and does not pretend to keep out the cold. A hole on the ground in front of the door, or just on the side, is the receptacle for slops, manure and other abominations. This one room, wretched as it is, is generally all the shelter that is afforded for the father and mother, with their children, perhaps the grandmother, and certainly the pig."

The engraving which is given here is from a sketch made from an actual dwelling of an Irish peasant. It was exactly ten feet long, by seven broad, and five feet high, built on the edge of a turf bog. Within, a raised embankment of turf formed a bed, and besides the clothing of the more than half-naked children, a solitary ragged blanket was the only covering it contained. A family of several persons had lived in this hut for two years.

The more comfortable cottages of the Irish poor contain sometimes two or three rooms; and in them are found many useful articles of furniture, some of them, from their substantiality and evident age, having probably been heirlooms in the family for hundreds of years perhaps.

Mrs. S. C. Hall describes the interior of such a

cabin in the following manner: "The dresser was well garnished with plates; there were three or four three-legged stools and 'bosses,' and at either side of the chimney a stone seat. In the chimney were two holes, one very small, to place the tobacco-pipe when relinquished; another larger, for the 'screegging hot tumbler' of old times. A saddle hung upon a peg; a rude and smoke-dried chimney-piece was garnished with plates; and a waiting wench, barefooted and healthy as the heath in spring, denoted that the family belonged to the better class. There was a pair of oddly-shaped tongs to place the turf on the fire; a churn; a rafter to hang clothes upon; a salt-box; a trough for the pig, who, though domiciled in his own house, was an occasional visitor—after dinner; the iron pot, of course, and the crook fastened up the chimney to hang the pot upon; and there were two wheels—the wheel for wool and the wheel for flax. This cottage, then, may be taken as a model of the better class, both in its exterior and interior 'accommodations.'

The roof was sound; the windows were whole, and, as we have said, opened and shut; the stagnant pool was at a respectful distance; the pig had his separate apartment; and there was a stable for the cow and horse."



INTERIOR OF A CABIN.

Passing directly by several counties of Central Ireland, I come to the three northernmost counties of the island—Donegal, Londonderry and Antrim. These counties are mountainous, sterile and boggy,

a large proportion of their surface being incapable of cultivation. Oats, barley, flax and potatoes are the chief products raised. The people engage extensively in fisheries; and there are also many manufactories. The manufacture of linen is an important interest in all these counties, and the Irish linens have a world-wide reputation.

There are many remains of ancient castles in this region. In Antrim are found Antrim Castle and Shane's Castle, one of the famous round towers of Ireland. In Donegal is Donegal Castle, for many years the ancestral seat of the O'Donnells, but now rapidly going to decay.

But the most remarkable feature of this northernmost range of counties is their grand, rugged and picturesque scenery. The coastline for nearly their whole extent, is deeply indented with bays and arms of the sea, and bordered with islands and reefs. Travelling from the west of Ireland toward the Giant's Causeway—the goal of every tourist—the country is found to be exceedingly picturesque. The road in many places borders the sea, the shores of which are strewn with huge rocks. The waves come dashing in with a continuous roar. The tides rise very high, and their currents are swift and strong, while the waters beat in white and angry breakers upon the reefs half-hidden beneath their surface.

distinguishable in all weathers. The three smaller rocks of "The Maidens" are barely uncovered at low tide. The water is exceedingly deep around them and the currents are strong, and there is great danger of sailing vessels being carried upon them. In former times, before the establishment



DONEGAL CASTLE.

of the light-houses, wrecks were of frequent occurrence.

The road by the seashore lies in many places upon the edge of precipices. Sometimes it is cut upon the very face of one, with huge masses of rock hanging overhead. Again, it is hewn down deep into the rock, with a solid wall of basaltic formation rising on either hand. This road crosses the beautiful Valley of Glenariff, and

THE MAIDENS.<sup>1</sup>

There is one group of rocks off the coast of Donegal which is of special interest, since it is a place of peculiar peril to the mariner. The group is called "The Maidens," and is composed of five distinct rocks. The two largest rocks, which rise to a considerable elevation above the surface of the sea, have their locations indicated by light-houses, which are painted in alternate stripes of red and white, in order that they may be plainly

affords the traveller an opportunity to explore the caves in the locality. It takes him also to Cushendall, where there are still the remains of ancient castles. Here was the home of Ossian, whose name is cherished as a household word by the peasantry of the neighborhood, who still sing his songs in their original tongue.

The Bay of Murtough is one of unspeakable grandeur and beauty. The range of basaltic

rocks, broken in every conceivable form, which stand perpetual guard upon the ocean, are here specially varied in their character, while the Promontory of Benmore or Fairhead towers up to an elevation of over six hundred feet. There are picturesque ruins upon its summit of the ancient works of man; there are awful chasms of nature's making; and there are wonderful caves. Port Coon Cave is especially deserving of a visit. It is a cave the floor of which is the ever swelling and receding ocean. Its perfectly arched roof rises to a height of sixty feet above high-water mark. The native sailors do not hesitate to enter the cave with their boats, though it is afeat attended with some little difficulty and danger. Advantage must be taken of a certain condition of the approaching wave, and the boat is carried safely within the door of the cave. The waters rush furiously through these arches, threatening destruction to everything. But long familiarity with danger has rendered these Irish sailors fearless, and their dexterity carries them safely through.

There are other caves almost as remarkable along this wonderful shore. But the traveller is now approaching the sea domain of the giants. The basaltic rocks assume more and more fantastic

shapes, so gigantic in their size that the traveller does not wonder at the names bestowed upon them. He is now approaching the Giant's Causeway, but before reaching it he passes the Little Causeway, the Middle Causeway and the Grand Causeway. Then comes the Giant's Causeway, a Titanic natural road of basaltic columnar rocks, at the back of which is the Giant's Organ, a row of basaltic columns arranged in a manner to resemble the pipes of an organ. The giants were apparently very busy here in the olden times. There is the Giant's Ball Alley, the Giant's Pulpit, the Giant's Loom, the Giant's Theatre, the Giant's Bagpipes. There is a striking cluster of rocks in this neighborhood called the Chimney Tops. Another cluster is named the Stack; while a third is denominated the Four Sisters.

Most of these wonders and curiosities of nature are on the northern coast of Antrim. Here, in this neighborhood, the superlative of grandeur and picturesqueness is reached. The country is rugged, bleak and unproductive; but the lover of the beautiful and the awful in nature will find all that his imagination can picture, or his heart desire.

## The Story-Teller.

### NELLY'S TROUBLE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

**I**T was such a sweet face that she lifted to the blossoming gallery where Mrs. Heath sat rocking her baby, and smiling at her own happiness, which seemed to her like a river broadening and deepening through the sunny valleys of her life; but it was scarcely that of a child; though Nelly Lee, by the calendar, was only ten years old.

It was a little glimpse of Paradise, she thought; the lawns where fountains played; the beds and mounds of flowers, bordered with shells from southern seas; the palm-trees with their sword-like leaves, where winds made merriest music; the villa in whose gables the bird-nests hung unharmed; and above all, and sweeter and fairer than all, and blessing and hallowing all, the lady mother and the laughing child!

She set her basket down, and leaning her tired arms on the bronze mane of the lion guarding the inclosure, abandoned herself to a dream of what the melody of her own life might one day be could it break, like the song of a bird, from the perfect peace and the wondrous beauty of a home like that.

The sunshine, glinting through the gum-boughs, struck softly the tears that were beginning to crowd each other in her hazel eyes, and, blind for a moment, she failed to see the white dress fluttering down toward her, and the kind face coming closer and closer to her own.

"Would you like to come inside, little one?" It was the voice of Mrs. Heath; and it was like

the day and the place, Nelly thought. "Your eyes are full of dewdrops. Come and shed them over my violet-beds."

She put her soft, jewelled hand on the child's, and drew her inside the gateway, somewhat as a mother might.

"You love flowers, I am sure," the lady said, as they stopped beside a bed of English violets, which made the whole air fragrant; "and I have so many of them! We have so many of them—baby and I."

She glanced toward the villa as she spoke, her eyes, full of unutterable love, lingering for a moment on the little Philip, who was indeed her king, then bent to the violets, that seemed asking no better boon than to die in the brightness of

"The lady's golden hair."

So thought Nelly Lee. But she had not spoken—she could not speak a word. She seemed to herself wrapped in the radiance of a strange, new life, which a word, a breath even, might suddenly dissolve; and the flushes came and went across her fair young face; her lips parted, and her heart beat painfully almost, at its new-found shrine, but her voice seemed wholly lost to her even, when at last she tried to say, "I thank you," for the rain of purple blossoms that had gathered in her lap.

"If she could only know! Oh, if she could only know!" she thought; and flinging herself in a little crumpled heap upon the grass, she sobbed and moaned as only the desolate do.

Mrs. Heath looked on in startled silence for a moment; then kneeling by the prostrate figure, she lifted its head to her bosom, smoothed its

rumpled hair, and when the storm had spent its fury, and only long-drawn sighs betrayed the bitterness still rankling in its heart, said softly: "Tell me all about it now. Who knows but I can help you?"

"Oh, you can't, you can't!" wailed the child. "Nobody can, but God—for mother says so. But you're an angel, and I could worship you if I dared."

"No, child, I'm not an angel, and I want the worship of no one," Mrs. Heath answered, smiling, and still stroking the tumbled hair; "but if you would trust me with whatever troubles you, it may be I could scatter it all to the winds, just as I scatter these blooms of mignonette."

"I—I cannot tell you, but I could show you—if I might."

An hour later, the twain whose outward lives were so widely sundered, but who were destined to draw nearer and nearer each other as the years drew them both nearer "those islands beyond which forever there is peace," entered shyly the home of Robert Lee.

Never before in all her happy life had Mrs. Heath known actual contact with want, squalor and degradation; and she stood on the broken threshold for an instant pressing her hand on her heart, as if striving to quiet its bodings of quickly-coming ill, then passed in to where disease of body and of soul made all the air a pestilence.

The room in which she found herself was low and dimly-lighted. Its scanty furniture was old and broken; and in one corner, on the bare floor, lay the wreck of a man muttering to itself of horrors in the air, and helplessly trying to hide from them by covering its blood-shot eyes with the rags of a woman's dress.

"O Nelly, Nelly!" whispered Mrs. Heath, clutching the child's shoulder nervously. "You did not mean to bring me here?"

"He won't hurt you," whispered back the child. "He's my father."

"My father!" Words that mean so much! Words that should be forever the sure synonym of strength, protection, love!

"Sometimes he's real well and kind, and so sorry for us all," continued the girl; "and—"

"Nelly!" called a weak voice from an adjoining room. "Who is there, Nelly?"

"That's mamma, Mrs. Heath. Won't you let her see you just a minute? It would do her good, I know. And maybe you had best give her the flowers. She can't be angry with you if you do that. She will be so thankful for them."

"Nelly! Nelly!"

"Yes, mamma."

"Who is it, dear? The room is so dark to-day."

"It's an angel, mother! And see what heaps of flowers from the very garden of Paradise!"

"Your daughter is an enthusiast, madame." Mrs. Heath was standing now with one hand on the pillow where the sufferer lay. "It's only as a woman that I have come to help you, if I can."

"I shall not need help very long. None of us will—except Nelly."

The child crept up close to her mother's heart, sobbing softly, and the mutterings in the room

adjoining deepened into half-suppressed screams, and curses, and implorations that were awful to listen to, and which seemed to issue from the very haunts of the lost.

"You hear him?" Mrs. Lee asked bitterly. "Tender music, isn't it, for a woman to die to?"

"Don't talk of dying. Only tell me what I can do to make you live. You love flowers. Nelly shall fill your room with them every day, and you shall have medicine, and wine, and long, sweet drives when you are a little stronger, and presently you will take such joy in life."

"There! didn't I say she was an angel?" interrupted Nelly. "There isn't one in Heaven so good as Mrs. Heath."

"Heath! Heath!" repeated the woman, excitedly, and half rising in her bed. "Did I hear aright? Are you Mrs. Heath—wife of Henry Heath, the great wine-merchant, the famous millionaire?"

"I am Mrs. Heath," the lady answered, quietly, but with an indefinable fear weighing down her heart.

And for an instant, the two women faced each other in silence, while Nelly stared from one to the other, pale as the lily that trembled in her hand. Then, "May God forgive you; I cannot!" moaned the invalid, covering her face and rocking backward and forward in a storm of pent-up agony.

"Forgive me? For what?" Mrs. Heath asked, haughtily.

"For what?—For the destroying of everything precious to a woman, a wife and a mother; for the desolation of all her days and the ruin of all her hopes; for the poverty that holds her as with the grip of a demon, and for the wreck in there," pointing to the open door, "the poor, pitiful shape of a man, and nothing more, which still I love and cling to, though it bruises, beats, kills me!"

She sank on the pillow exhausted, panting for breath, not once minding even the child that clung to her, striving in its own fond, pitying way to give assurance of sympathy and of love that outlives the dying of all things else.

Mrs. Heath stood like one stunned and speechless for a time, all the color gone from her perfect lips, through which her quick breath came in little spasms of pity for herself—of horror, of fear and of indignant resentment. Was this her reward for the good she meant to do? Far, far better had she stayed among the roses with little Phil—her king!

So she thought, as she watched the still face on the pillow and listened to the new strange sounds proceeding from where he lay in the torture sure to overtake the habitual drunkard, shrink from it as he may. Then, "It is insanity!" she said, aloud. "I must not mind it," and she laid her hand on the wasted one, that suddenly shook itself free from her touch as from the venom of a viper, and she who had seemed so dead shrieked forth: "Don't dare to touch me! Go away. The sight of you makes a very demon of me. Why do you come here in your silks and jewels that are the price of souls? Is it so sweet to you—the sight of the ruin you have wrought? Go away, I say."

"Yes, I will go away," Mrs. Heath said, coldly. "I do not understand your words—if they are not born of delirium—and I only thought to do you good. It seems I cannot, and I am so sorry."

"It's rather late in the day to think of that," Mrs. Lee responded fretfully. "And since you profess not to understand me, sit down, please, while I make you.

"Ten years ago," she continued, when her visitor had seated herself on the low bedside, "ten years ago, I was young, handsome and happy, like you. My husband was worthy the honor and the love I lavished upon him; our babe was the blessed, indissoluble bond between us, and our home, though not so magnificent as yours is to-day—was yet filled with comfort, with beauty and with luxury. And we were so happy together! Oh, so happy, till the serpent came in the shape of Harry Heath!"

Mrs. Heath started involuntarily, clutching the laces over her heart, and biting her lips to keep back the cry that seemed rending her very life. But the invalid was indifferent to, possibly unconscious of the pain she was inflicting. She lay with shut eyes for a little while, and with a strange smile hovering about her mouth, that once must have been fair, and beautiful, and sweet.

When she spoke again, her voice seemed, somehow, to have slipped away from the mantle of its harshness, and to be clothed upon with the sweetness and the tenderness of love.

"I was trying to remember how bright and full of peace the old days were!" she said, "and I am wondering if in any day, in any land, I shall live them over again."

"Let us hope so." Mrs. Heath was crying softly. "But how did my husband harm you?"

"How? By tempting mine to his saloon; by treating him, and educating his inherited fondness for drink till it became a passion he had neither the power nor desire to control; by placing in his way the rock on which he shipwrecked, luring him on with the false lights of friendship to a destruction as inevitable as death.

"Little by little the habit grew and strengthened. Business was neglected, and—oh, you know the story! Every one who has seen or read of a drunkard's downward career, can repeat it from Alpha to Omega. But only the drunkard's wife knows all. Only she who sustains the social fall; the shame, for herself far less than for her darlings; the poverty, the cruel blows that fall where the kisses used to be, the life-in-death and the death-in-life as the slow fears wear away, only she can fully fathom the deeps of human woe into which souls can descend on earth."

"Oh, forgive him! forgive him!" pleaded Mrs. Heath, dropping on her knees beside the sufferer, and clasping the one thin hand which did not now repulse her. "He knew not what he did—and he will be glad to make amends."

"Amends!"

"The little that he may, I mean. Harry Heath is a noble fellow at heart; and I don't believe that he meant to wrong you in the least."

"That is natural; you are his wife, and you love him, do you not?"

Such a glory as flooded the anxious face for answer!

"Yes, I see; and you are very happy together? Be it so. Take whatever of comfort and of pride you can in your palace of plenty, built with ill-gotten gain, and having for its corner-stone the broken hearts that wail to God for vengeance."

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

"Ah, yes; I suppose so. And yet—"

A gurgling sound from the other room startled the complainant into silence.

"Shall I see if he wants anything, mamma?" asked Nelly, lifting her wan face from the bedclothes, where it had been hiding during her mother's recital. And without waiting for an answer, she glided across the little, lonely room and through the half-shut door. In an instant a sharp, long, terrible cry smote the silence, followed by a fall that shook the crazy old house, and brought the two women face to face with a horror that one of them, at least, had never even dreamed of.

The poor victim of *mania a potu* lay weltering in his own blood, dead by his own hand; and on the floor beside him—the white lily still in her hand, yet stained to deepest crimson—the little child whose life he had crowded with shadows and who seemed as dead as he.

Most women—even those the world deems weakest—rise, strong and brave, to meet a great emergency borne down suddenly upon them; and Mrs. Heath, comprehending the situation at a glance, lifted the swooning invalid in her arms and carried her—she never knew how—back to the empty bed, and in another instant had laid the child beside her.

Hurrying down-stairs she ordered her coachman to call the police, and to go quickly for Mr. Heath and her own physician, then sought tenderly, though with trembling hands, to bring back consciousness to the widow and the orphan.

It was a terrible ordeal through which she was passing; but she knew full well her duty, and not once did she shrink from its performance. She bathed the white faces and sprinkled the pillows with a delicate perfume from the horn of plenty suspended from her chatelaine, and after a while was rewarded by hearing the long-drawn sighs that betokened returning consciousness.

There were no questions asked, there were no tears that fell, there were no audible cries or moans, but the wide, despairing eyes of the mother and the child, the frightened, beseeching eyes that kept wandering from the face of Mrs. Heath to the closed door beyond which it was lying, revealed far more of sorrow than all of these could tell.

Three weeks later, in the home of Harry Heath, and tended faithfully by the mother of little Phil, the broken-hearted widow of Robert Lee was putting off quietly, happily, the raiment of mortality, and leaning to the music that reached her from the land beyond the river.

In through the open window floated the fragrance of myriad blooms, with the laughter of the

little "king" at play beside the fountain, and peace seemed everywhere.

"*You were not to blame,*" the invalid had said to Mrs. Heath only the day before; "*and Nelly was not wholly wrong, for you have been to us an angel of mercy in very deed and truth. Forget the bitter things I said, and—love my darling—if you can.*"

*"If I can?"* Why, I think I have loved her from the moment I first caught sight of her wistful face at the gateway, and could not resist its pleading. God knows I will be a mother to her even as to little Phil, my king!"

And so the battle ended for her whose days might have been long in the land, and full of song and splendor, but for the wine that "sheweth its color in the cup."

At the very last, with her darling's head close down on her heart that had ached so long and so hard—but that never would ache any more,

"Though the whole world wakened and wept," she murmured, smilingly, the last unspoken thought of him who died for Evremonde: "*'It is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done; it is a far, far sweeter rest that I go to than I have ever known!'*" And, with her hand in Mrs. Heath's, forgot at once

"The waiting and the weeping,  
The famine and the fear."

From my window I can see—beside the fountain whose waters are like diamonds in the sunshine over the way—a girl just budding into radiant womanhood, and a boy, who may be five years old, clinging to her dress with one chubby hand, while with the other he scatters crumbs to the gold-fish and tries to catch them as they dart fearlessly hither and thither among the miniature islands of their home.

A lady leans from the roses of the terrace watching the children, and smiling, as I do, at the picture which they make.

Now she is coming down the steps; now gliding across the lawn, her white dress brushing the daisies on the borders; and now her two arms encircle the darlings of her home and heart, and her lips flutter like hungry humming-birds from the bloom of Nelly's cheeks to the flush upon the forehead of little Phil, her king.

### THE MODEL OLD MAID.

BY MRS. J. E. MCNAUGHEY.

HE is not the meddlesome, sharp-featured old maid of the novels, always prying into other people's affairs, always sponging her living off from one and another of her relations. The old maid I am speaking of owns a neat little house of her own, with green blinds and honeysuckle porch, and a trim little garden plot which she works herself in the early mornings, almost before sunrise. The shrubbery before the house is as trim as a pair of pruning shears can keep it. The trees overhead are a trifle too shady perhaps, but that is "a good fault" on midsummer days.

The best folks in Earlvile are visitors of Aunt Edith, and the clergyman and his young wife feel

that they could not get on without her. Without any bustle or officiousness, she is the mainspring of the church society. Mrs. Edwards would not let the parlor carpet for the parsonage be cut for a week after it came because Aunt Edith was away on a visit, and she did not dare trust any shears but hers.

Aunt Edith dresses fashionably, but always in a way suited to her years. She never scruples to admit that she is forty-seven, and I think no one respects her the less for it. Indeed, I have never known any one to lose the respect of others on this account; but I have frequently heard people make merry over the poor attempts of some one to hide her age.

Aunt Edith is as popular in her own home circle as she is in general society. Married brothers and sisters take a day to run down to Earlvile and ask her advice before any important movement is made in business or other matters, and they always meet such a warm, cheerful, hearty welcome, and get such sound advice, that they go on their way again twice as strong and brave. What a blessing that she never married, and confined her talents to one small home circle, when they are so eminently qualified to give aid and comfort to a whole community.

It is among her nephews and nieces that she reigns a queen more particularly. She has her favorites among them, of course, for Aunt Edith is only human like the rest of us. A streak of meanness in a character is a pretty effectual bar to her highest regard. But these boys and girls of whom she is fond think that the Garden of Eden must have been somewhere in the locality of Aunt Edith's home.

The tradespeople hold her in the highest esteem. Her lady-like deportment and high sense of honor always insures her the best bargains; and I cannot begin to tell you the number of wedding outfits she has helped the girls to buy, and has had sent home first to Mulberry Cottage. Shopkeepers generally bestir themselves when they see Aunt Edith walk in with a fresh, rosy, self-conscious young face by her side. She does not think like Mrs. Gamp—"What do it matter what a girl wears when she is going to the halter?" She loves to see a bride handsomely dressed, and loves to plan bridal suits; and she can do it with economy as well as good taste. Her dainty fingers have the knack of turning off the most exquisite fancy work for gifts to her favorites; and where the parties are poor, she sensibly makes the elegant trifles something that will be serviceable, as well as beautiful. Such a boxful of delicate ruffles and knots of ribbon as she made up for Huldah White when she married her hard-working young carpenter. They would last her well a year. She is always making a hat or a Sunday bonnet for some one, and it seems as if she could contrive them out of "next to nothing."

When trouble or sickness comes in the family, then is the time that Aunt Edith's strength comes out in full force.

"You are better than ten doctors," said a poor woman, gratefully, as she grasped her hand warmly, after she had made her room snug and

tidy, and smoothed her hair and pillow. Her very face "did good like a medicine."

"Go and tell Miss Edith" is the common remark among the poor people of the place when trouble or sorrow comes upon them.

Such famous letters as she can write, too, blessing and cheering many a weary heart, holding back the feet of many tempted ones from erring ways.

It is worth living for, this office of universal benefactress, in the wide range of one's acquaintance. Hundreds will "arise up to call her blessed," hundreds will speak her praises down to the close of their lives. Yet her life is one of simple, cheerful kindness and love to all around her. There are no great events to mark it. The last thing that would occur to her mind would be that she was, in any sense, a noted woman.

I wish all single women would take a pattern of her by which to regulate their own lives. We have all known those whose characteristics were quite the reverse.



MARY AND MAUD.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

**M**AIDENS with the waving hair—  
Dainty as the flowers you wear—  
Were there ever maids more fair?  
Looking forward as you stand,  
Cheek to cheek, and hand in hand,  
What seems life to your bright vision?  
Skies of light, and fields elysian?  
Fields elysian, skies of light,  
Only are in fancy bright.  
Maidens, life is full of care.

Maiden, with the eyes of blue,  
Saucy bright, yet kind and true—  
With the neck of shell-like hue—  
You, my smiling, blushing May,  
Are like the rose you wear to-day.  
Maud, whose gray eyes darken—brighten,  
As her feelings shade or lighten—  
Like the daintiest flower is she—  
Violet—anemone—  
Laden with its drop of dew.

Bright and sweet has been the dawn  
Of your lives, and on, still on,  
Ye are eager to be gone;  
Looking for the brightness still;  
Dreaming not of future ill;  
Nor of clouds that soon may hover  
O'er your skies—their brightness cover.  
Fate, must lives so sweet and fair  
Know the human lot of care?  
Is there, then, escape for none?

#### MISS DALRYMPLE.

BY IRENE L.—

**T**HREE was something about Florence Dalrymple that attracted almost every one. Just above the middle stature, she was finely formed and graceful in her movements, though quiet and a little repressed. Her features were almost faultless, her complexion clear, her eyes dark and tender, her hair of a deep chestnut-brown. She had a cultivated mind and talked well and sensibly—rather too sensibly, some of the gayer girls, who did not always fancy the drift of her conversation, were apt to say now and then.

As we have remarked, almost every one was attracted by Florence Dalrymple; but it usually happened that the force of attraction gradually lessened on getting near enough to be on terms of intimacy. The truth was, Florence had a certain narrowness, and thought of herself, which, in spite of all that was good and beautiful in her character, was felt as something repellent whenever you came near enough to perceive its subtle sphere. She was apt, too, to indulge in mental contrasts between herself and other young ladies, and to see frivolities, defects and mere worldliness where, if she could have looked closer into the home and inner life, she might have discovered traits that would have excited her admiration.

The aunt of Florence Dalrymple, with whom she had lived since her childhood, was a strict church member, and not so clear in her perception of what the world she was called on to renounce really was, as she might have been. Like too many others, she saw evil in nearly all popular social amusements, instead of evil in their abuse and perversion. With her, dancing was a sin; and she had carefully instilled this idea into the mind of her niece, whom she never permitted to attend a dancing-school. From the beginning,

the free, spontaneous life of the child had been repressed, and she grew up with her thought turned too constantly to herself in a kind of unhealthy introspection and judgment. And yet, as she ripened into womanhood, she developed rare graces of mind and character. The contrast between her and most of the society girls one meets was very marked, and men and women drew about her, pleased at first by the simple manners and the maidenly gravity that were so naïve and charming; but always feeling, as they gained a nearer approach, something that held them away from confidence or familiarity.

To speak the plain truth in plain words, Miss Dalrymple had grown, under the culture and influence of her excellent but narrow-minded aunt, into a self-approving Pharisee, though not of the stronger type. If she did not stand up and thank God openly that she was not as other young women, we are afraid that in her thought and heart she cherished something nigh akin to the sentiment. She was religious, but not humble-minded; more watchful over her outer than over her inner life. The exquisite grace of manner that charmed every one was almost as much an art as an instinct; almost as much from thought and self-consciousness as from spontaneity. And if she did not, in the introspection which had become a habit, discover this, it was too apparent to the keen sight of some whose nearer observation enabled them to look below the veil of her sweet and quiet manner.

Yes, Miss Dalrymple was a Pharisee; we say it with regret. It was not so much her fault, perhaps, as that of her education. A different training, and a familiarity with broader and wiser views of life and religion, might have lifted her to a higher level, and given her eyes a clearer vision and a wider range. But as she is, so we must present her to the reader.

Last summer she spent a few weeks at the seashore, where she met a number of pleasant people, among them a gentleman named Sangster. They had been introduced a few months before, and each remembered the introduction and brief intercourse that followed with pleasure. Miss Dalrymple had often thought of him since then, and always with a little movement of the heart, and a feeling new in her maidenly experience. The fact that Mr. Sangster was a church member, and an active worker in the Young Men's Christian Association, raised him considerably in her regard.

The meeting on this occasion was very agreeable to both, and Mr. Sangster soon became so much interested in Miss Dalrymple as to find himself thinking of her as one who might become, at some future day, more to him than a pleasant friend. There was another young lady at the seashore who had interested him considerably, and he had been quite attentive to her before Miss Dalrymple came down from the city. She was a Miss Fairfax, a beautiful, happy-hearted girl, who was entering into the gay life about her with a zest and abandon that drew upon her some coldly critical eyes, and many admiring ones. All voted her charming, even those who lifted their eyebrows slightly when they heard her heartsome

laugh ringing out in the parlors or on the piazza, like a merry peal of bells.

Mr. Sangster had been puzzling himself a little over Miss Fairfax, and trying to make out whether she were anything more than a butterfly of fashion, when Miss Dalrymple made her appearance on the scene, and by her more cultivated grace and dignity of manner, and her sweet, quiet ways, quickened the interest which had already been awakened toward her, and set the former to a distance in his thought. It soon happened that they were much together, walking or riding on the beach, or *tête-à-tête* in the parlors. Miss Fairfax, who had been introduced to Miss Dalrymple, was not drawn toward her. On the contrary, she felt an instant sphere of repulsion—chill breathed over her bright, warm feelings—and avoided rather than courted her society, in which she found neither congeniality nor freedom.

"What a happy, bird-like creature!" exclaimed Mr. Sangster, in a tone of admiration, as Miss Fairfax, with an arm about another girl, whose spirits were as high as her own, went laughing and dancing along the hotel piazza close to where he was standing with Miss Dalrymple, flinging him a cheery "Good-morning!" as she passed.

Miss Dalrymple did not reply; and Mr. Sangster, who looked into her face as he spoke, saw a slight shade of disapproval come over it.

"There's something very pleasant about her," he added. "Something so innocent and natural; so free from art or self-consciousness."

"Do you think so?" Miss Dalrymple smiled one of her quiet smiles; but her voice betrayed a different estimate of Miss Fairfax from the one her companion had expressed.

"Why, yes," returned Mr. Sangster, opening his eyes a little wider than usual. "These are what make her so charming."

"You think her charming, then?"

"Don't you?"

"She's a very nice girl, no doubt, but I can't say that I particularly admire her style. It's too—too—what shall I say? Not exactly bold and hoydenish!"

"Very far from that," answered Mr. Sangster, with a decision in his voice not unmarked by his companion.

"Too thoughtless and frivolous," said Miss Dalrymple.

"Her young life seems running over with joyousness. She is like a bird in spring-time, fluttering from bough to bough, and singing in excess of delight."

"But we are not birds, Mr. Sangster. Bird-life may be well enough for birds; but are we not born to something higher, and nobler, and more heavenly?"

She tried to look sweet and tenderly reverent as she lifted her eyes to his face. Though not clearly conscious of what she was doing, Miss Dalrymple was seeking to deprecate Miss Fairfax and to raise herself in the estimation of Mr. Sangster. He must approve of the sentiment she had uttered; how could it be otherwise?

"There's a time for all things, is there not?" said Mr. Sangster. "Life is made up of many

and varying states. Change is needed, or it would grow dull and tasteless. All innocent delights are good—good in their proper time and place."

"Very true," answered Miss Dalrymple; "but this fashionable life we see around us, that gives itself wholly to pleasure-seeking, can neither be good nor wholly innocent. It draws the heart away from such things as make for our eternal peace. A fashionable life, Mr. Sangster, and a religious life, are not in harmony; one will surely destroy the other."

Miss Dalrymple was making good her opportunity. She would give Mr. Sangster an impression of the higher and nobler aims that were influencing her, and of the spiritual aspirations that filled her soul.

He was silent, dropping his eyes away from her earnest face, and looking down in serious thought. What would she not have given at that moment to know what was passing in his mind? But this was veiled from her sight.

"Shall we take a walk on the beach?" he asked, as he raised his eyes from the ground.

"With pleasure," she answered, a grave, sweet smile playing on her lips. But she was disappointed that he had given no response to the sentiments last spoken.

They were sitting in one of the pavilions that overlooked the sea, enjoying the fresh breeze and the ocean view, when a lady near them, one of the boarders at the hotel where they were staying, said to Mr. Sangster: "Do you know that we are to have a hop at our house this week?"

"I heard something about it. On what evening?"

Miss Dalrymple drew herself up, and looked grave and dignified.

"On Friday evening. It's going to be an elegant affair, they say—two bands of music engaged. Some of the girls are half wild with excitement already."

"You will be there, of course," said Mr. Sangster.

"Yes; I generally have a share in what's going. We must give and take, as well in our pleasures as in our duties, you know. And, to tell the truth, I enjoy a little dancing now and then. It takes the dead weight and humdrum out of you. Only, one mustn't overdo it. Dissipation and excess are bad in anything."

"Very bad," remarked Mr. Sangster; but not with the tone of disapproval Miss Dalrymple had listened for—disapproval, we mean, of what the lady had said about dancing. She was slightly puzzled. Surely Mr. Sangster could not approve of dancing.

They left the pavilion and strolled along the beach.

"If these fashionable follies were only left at home, and not transferred to our summer resorts, how much better it would be," remarked Miss Dalrymple. "Instead of rest and recreation, all is excitement and dissipation. Were you not surprised to hear Mrs. Leslie speak as she did?"

"About what?"

"About dancing. A woman with a family of daughters growing up, and with the cares and

duties that rest naturally upon her, must have something weak or frivolous in her character if she can find pleasure in a ball-room."

"There is nothing weak or frivolous in Mrs. Leslie, as I happen to know," was answered. "She is a good and sensible mother, a faithful wife, a kind neighbor, and a sincere Christian."

"A ball-going Christian!" Miss Dalrymple betrayed feeling as well as surprise.

"May not a Christian go to a ball?" Mr. Sangster asked.

Miss Dalrymple was silent for a moment, and then replied: "I think a Christian woman would be very much out of place in a ball-room, to say the least of it."

She was in doubt as to Mr. Sangster's real sentiments, and so held herself a little on guard. As he did not respond, she added: "All these fashionable follies and dissipations are incompatible with Christian thought and feeling. The love of God and the love of the world cannot dwell together in a human soul."

"All folly and dissipation are wrong; they are foolishness and excess, and incompatible, as you have said, with Christian thought and feeling. It is this excess that mars almost everything; and it is evil, whether in a ball-room, at the dinner-table, in the surf when it tempts the bather by its exhilaration to go beyond a safe enjoyment, or in religious fervors and absorptions that weaken the nervous system and unduly tax the strength. Mere dancing is, in itself, as innocent as walking or running; and the fact that it is timed to music cannot change its quality. If it is made evil by excess or perversion, then, and only then, does it become hurtful."

Mr. Sangster spoke as one whose convictions were clear.

"Do you dance?" asked Miss Dalrymple, looking up into his face.

"No," he replied. "My father and mother held dancing to be a sin, and taught me to believe that all who indulged in it were in disfavor with God; and for many years of my life I verily believed that this was so. The consequence was that I never learned to dance."

"You believe differently now?"

"Yes."

"And think there is no harm in a Christian going to a ball?"

"That will depend entirely on the spirit in which he or she goes, and the spirit in which the recreation is indulged. To one it may be harmless, and to the other sinful."

"Is it possible for a true Christian woman—one who is trying to live near to God, and who sees around her so much of human need and suffering—to take pleasure in the gay life of a ball-room? Is it possible, if she venture therein, not to be drawn away by a spirit of pride and worldliness—not to lose her interest in heavenly things?"

"With many, perhaps not. And we may say the same of almost every natural pleasure. A Christian must be always on guard. The tempter does not haunt the precincts of the ball-room alone; he is everywhere, and always seeking to lead us astray. We are no more open to his assaults

here, amid these gay and fashionable surroundings, than in the guarded seclusion of our homes; nay, I had almost said, than in our closet, when we enter in and shut the door. It is in our hearts and their affections that our true danger lies; and the self-righteousness of the professing Christian, as he compares himself with other men, and thanks God that he is blessed with the divine favor while they are under condemnation, may be far more soul-destroying than the fashionable follies he so severely condemns. It is over the heart, quite as much as over the external life, that we should keep watch. If the heart be right, the life will be blameless."

"Let one do what he may?" queried Miss Dalrymple.

"If the heart be right, we will not desire to do anything that hurts the neighbor, or breaks a law of God. The pure heart makes a pure and blameless life."

Miss Dalrymple sighed. Some friends joined them at the moment and the conversation dropped. As they were returning from the beach, she said: "There comes my aunt. She is very strong in her opposition to dancing; and would think you almost a heathen were she to hear you speak as you did just now. I'd rather not disturb her mind with the subject."

"Thank you. I shall not say a word to excite her prejudice. It would do no good."

"None at all."

Miss Dalrymple returned to the beach with her aunt, and Mr. Sangster kept on to the hotel. On going into one of the parlors he met Miss Fairfax. She held a gay scarf in one hand, while with the other she swung lightly a pretty little straw hat trimmed with red and white rose-buds. She looked so fresh and innocent, that his heart, which Miss Dalrymple had been drawing away, went back to her again.

"Just in time!" she said, with easy frankness. "I was looking for an escort."

"To the beach?"

"No, not this morning." Her manner became more quiet. "But perhaps you won't care to go with me."

Mr. Sangster wondered at the change he saw in her eyes. All their gay sparkle was gone; and in its place he saw a sweet seriousness that made them tenfold more charming.

"Yes, I will," he replied.

"I am not going to the house of joy," answered the girl; "and yet," she added, after a pause, "there may be more of joy and gladness there than at first thought seems possible. Have you been to the Seaside Home for sick children, Mr. Sangster?"

"No," was replied, "I never thought of going."

"Oh, every one should visit this Home, and see how comfortable the poor little things are, and how much they enjoy the change. I go every day."

"You, Miss Fairfax? What a singular fancy!"

"There's no fancy about it, but a great deal of sober reality. If you could see one pale, little face brighten up when I make my appearance, and feel the touch of two small, thin hands laid

lovingly in yours as they are laid in mine, once, and sometimes twice, every day, you wouldn't call the impulse that leads me to go a singular fancy."

Mr. Sangster saw a new beauty in the young girl's countenance; not the flash and brilliancy which had so often dazzled him, but a soft and tempered radiance that seemed to shine about it like a saintly aureole.

"Anything particularly interesting about this child?" he asked.

"Nothing except her helplessness and her suffering."

"How came you to single her out from the rest?"

"Naturally enough. She's a poor, broken-backed little thing that we found—mother and I—in a wretched court, and had taken to the Children's Hospital. I knew she was down here for a few weeks, and, as soon as I came, went to see how she was getting along. Poor child! How her eyes danced when she saw me; and when she got hold of my hand, it seemed as if she would never let it go. I wouldn't be happy if I were not to look in upon her every day and brighten her sad little face. And it's such a small thing to do, Mr. Sangster, to give a trifle of our health, and strength, and happiness to bless a sick and motherless child. I don't believe I could say my prayers at night were I to neglect poor Alice."

She spoke so earnestly and so artlessly; her face rippling all over with feeling.

Say her prayers! Here was a new half-surprise. This gay, light-hearted girl, who seemed to enjoy life with the free abandon of a bird, speaking of her prayer at night as a thing of course, and not as a mere formal and indifferent act, but as of something that could only be made living and acceptable through dutiful service.

He saw the homely face of the broken-backed child flush and glow with a joy that made it almost beautiful; he saw the two thin hands creep into those of Miss Fairfax, and heard the low tones of satisfaction that murmured words meant for her ears alone, as he stood looking down upon the clean, cool bed on which a little wasted body lay, and his heart was moved as it had rarely been moved before.

As they walked back to the hotel, they met Miss Dalrymple and her aunt returning from the beach. A glance, thrown at Miss Fairfax by the former, did not escape the notice of Mr. Sangster. It startled him by its flash of suspicion and dislike.

"Have you been to the Children's Hospital yet?" he asked, on meeting Miss Dalrymple in the parlor, not long afterward.

"The Children's Hospital!" And she shook her head, saying "No," with the manner of one who not only felt surprised at the question, but had it on her lips to ask: What people could find among sick children to interest them?

"I was there with Miss Fairfax this morning."

"With Miss Fairfax!"

"Yes."

"It's the last place I should think she would care to go."

"She takes a great deal of interest in the poor little children, and visits them every day."

"Indeed!" Miss Dalrymple lifted her eyebrows, and looked half-incredulous.

"It would have touched you," said Mr. Sangster, "had you seen one pale little face light up as I saw it when she went in; and, indeed, the face of every sick child in the room seemed to brighten at her presence. I never saw anything like it before. It was as if a sunbeam had entered the place."

He observed a shadow fall over the countenance of his companion, and gravely questioned in his thoughts as to what it could mean.

"I paid a visit to the sick children this morning," said Miss Dalrymple, two days afterwards; "and it has made me very sad."

Miss Fairfax went gayly laughing by at the moment, with her arm around a young girl who seemed as light-hearted as herself.

"It makes me feel as if I could never even smile again." And Miss Dalrymple glanced toward Miss Fairfax. "The sight of human suffering affects me deeply; and the more so when I can do nothing for its alleviation. As I went from bed to bed, and looked into the sad, sick eyes, and on the wasted forms of these little ones, it seemed more than I could bear. I can't get over it. Poor children! poor children! Why are they called to so much suffering?"

Miss Dalrymple's voice had a little choke and quiver, and she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Mr. Sangster was deceived. He thought the emotion genuine. Mrs. Leslie, who at the moment happened to come into the parlor where they sat conversing, said in her pleasant way: "You are all ready for the hop to-night, Miss Dalrymple?"

"I shall be only a looker on, if there at all," was replied, somewhat coldly.

"Indeed! How comes that? Not feeling indisposed, I hope."

"I never dance, Mrs. Leslie." The beautiful head was drawn a little backward.

"Oh, indeed! Why not? Is there anything wrong in it?"

"It would be wrong for me."

"Then, of course, you should not dance," said Mrs. Leslie, with a gentle courtesy of manner that had in it not the slightest offence. "If you have religious scruples, you should do them no violence. I happen to have none. Dancing to me is as harmless as running up and down stairs; but either may become hurtful if indulged in foolishly or to excess. There's a time for all things; and in all things we should let our moderation be seen."

"But these things are almost always carried to excess, and end in exhausting dissipation."

"So far they are wrong; but the wrong lies only with those who abuse an innocent source of pleasure. If I do not so abuse it, sin cannot lie at my door. Would you not dance at home in your own parlor, in the company of well-chosen friends?"

Miss Dalrymple shook her head.

"If you feel so about it, I have nothing to say," replied Mrs. Leslie. "As for me, if I am shut out

of Heaven at the end, it will be for something worse than dancing."

"Can you kneel down and pray before going to bed after coming home from a ball?" asked Miss Dalrymple, in a tone that was almost of itself a conclusive argument.

"I never go to what are known as regular balls, having no taste for them; but if I did, I should certainly not omit my nightly prayer. At social gatherings, where dancing forms a part of the evening's entertainment, I enjoy myself with the rest, and have no sense of condemnation when I kneel to pray at my bedside; unless it be for some uncharitableness of spirit, or thought, or purpose, which my Bible condemns."

"Then you don't call this hop a ball," said Mr. Sangster.

"You may call it so if you will; but it comes to me as a sort of great family entertainment, and I am going to do my part to make it as enjoyable as possible. Of course, a great many will make it an occasion of excessive display, vanity and dissipation; for which I am sorry. But because my neighbor will not keep within the bounds of moderation, am I to refrain from an innocent pleasure?"

"If it be innocent," Miss Dalrymple replied, with a doubt in her voice. "All depends on that."

"Of course," returned Mrs. Leslie. "If in my pleasures I lie, or steal, or bear false witness against my neighbor, or break any commandment of God, then are my pleasures not innocent. But if I keep out envy, ill-will, self-conceit, irreverence, and all the host of evil thoughts and desires that are forever seeking to get possession of our souls, then am I innocent before God, whether I dance or sing, whether I walk or ride upon the beach, or whether I yield myself to the higher and purer enjoyments of art and music. It is into our hearts that God looks; for there dwell the evil things that condemn, or the pure and innocent things that meet His divine approval."

"It may be right for you," said Miss Dalrymple, with a half-repressed sigh; "but not for me." And rising, she went from the parlor.

"A good, conscientious girl, but narrow and warped," remarked Mrs. Leslie as she retired; "but that is the fault of her home education."

"Her manners are very sweet," said a young lady.

"Yes; I think her lovely."

"If she were not quite so self-conscious," said another. "To me her beautiful manner seems more like the perfection of art than the grace of nature."

"You may wrong her there."

"Perhaps so; but I only give my impression."

Miss Dalrymple went to her room, and sat down alone to commune with her thoughts, which were considerably disturbed. She had been looking over into the ground where forbidden pleasures lay, and while protesting against their unlawfulness, had felt the desire to enter; not so much for the pleasures themselves as for the vantage point she might gain in her efforts to hold her influence with Mr. Sangster against the more brilliant

attractions of Miss Fairfax, whom she was beginning to fear as a rival.

True, Mr. Sangster did not dance; but he would be a looker-on, and this bright, happy girl, in the glow and radiance of her fresh beauty, might charm his heart away from her. She felt that if she were on the floor, and among the dancers, her higher and more refined grace would hold him captive. But that could not be; and for many reasons.

What next? She would dress herself plainly, but richly, and in a way to bring out the fine attractions of her face and person; thus gaining in her attire as striking a contrast as possible between herself and the gayly-dressed women who would be floating in the dance, or moving through the parlors. She would be as a vestal virgin in the halls of revelry, winning by her pure and simple grace the admiration of every one.

Evening came, and Miss Dalrymple made her appearance in a light dress of some rich fabric. It was without any trimming, except a band of lace around the neck. Her dark, glossy hair was laid smoothly back from her snowy temples, and bore no ornament, not even a single rose-bud. After completing her toilet, and before leaving her room, she had given every part of her dress the most critical examination, and was satisfied. There was a flush of pride and triumph in her heart, as she said in her thought: "No, I am not afraid of the gaudiest belle of the ball-room!"

The music had commenced, and a few couples were on the floor when Miss Dalrymple entered through one of the side doors from the piazza, which ran along the great dining hall, and stood quietly looking up and down the room, searching for the two persons in whom, of all the large company, she felt any interest—Mr. Sangster and Miss Fairfax. Not seeing them, she drew back into the piazza, and walking almost its entire length, entered the hall again. As she did so, she caught sight of Mr. Sangster, who stood not far off, talking with a lady. It was not Miss Fairfax. The position in which Mr. Sangster was standing, prevented him from seeing Miss Dalrymple. How should she attract his attention? She thought for a moment or two, and then, seeing a vacant chair near a window that opened upon a conservatory, crossed over, passing so close to Mr. Sangster that he could not help observing her, and seated herself with a manner so unconscious of his presence and observation that even he was deceived.

"Isn't she charming?" said the lady with whom Mr. Sangster was talking, unable to repress her admiration of Miss Dalrymple's simple, but studied elegance of dress and manner.

"Very," was replied, but with something absent in manner. And Mr. Sangster turned his eyes from Miss Dalrymple, who sat now in full view, quiet and waiting, and let them wander through the hall.

"Shall I have the pleasure?" said a gentleman, bowing and offering his hand to the lady, who passed to the floor and left Mr. Sangster not far from Miss Dalrymple. She lifted her eyes at the moment. He could do no less than join her, even had his inclinations not led him to her side. She

looked very sweet and lovely, and he felt the power of her almost faultless beauty.

"Your first ball?" he asked, in a pleasant voice.

She tried to look a grave rebuke.

"You will not dance, of course."

Something in his voice gave her heart the alarm. There was more of levity in his tones than she liked.

"I am entirely sincere, Mr. Sangster," she said, speaking soberly. "We must be loyal to our convictions, whether they be wholly true or not."

"Forgive me," he replied, with earnestness, "if I seemed to treat your scruples lightly. I had no such purpose."

Her dark eyes softened, looking tenderly his forgiveness. He felt their power.

By this time the floor was covered with dancers, and the long hall seemed like a great kaleidoscope in its gay, swift changes of form and color. Bright eyes and smiling faces were all around them. They talked for a little while, but with a constraint of feeling which neither of them could throw off. Miss Dalrymple did not fail to observe that her companion was apparently more interested in what was passing around him, than he was with herself—while her thought and interest were centered in him alone; and because of this, she felt still more out of harmony with the scene. Her spirit began to chafe, as Mr. Sangster's attention seemed to drift more and more away from her, try as she would to hold it; and she was losing the quiet self-control which had become, from long practice, almost a habit.

"I don't see anything of our lively and pleasant friend, Miss Fairfax," remarked the young man, betraying an interest that came with a shock to the feelings of Miss Dalrymple, and threw her off her guard.

"Most likely she's at the Children's Seaside Home, she's so fond—"

The sentence was cut short ere the whole unworthy sarcasm was spoken; but Miss Dalrymple's tone of voice, more than her words, betrayed to Mr. Sangster what was in her heart.

The charm was over, and Miss Dalrymple knew it—knew it by the instant sphere of rejection that came from the young man, pushing her from him with a force as palpable to her fine inner sense as would have been his hand to her person if he had laid it upon her and thrust her away.

"It was beautiful in her!" remarked one of two ladies who had paused near them.

"Yes; but it's like her—so tender-hearted and self-forgetting. She was all ready to come down, and looked so lovely. But there was not a moment's hesitation. Quick as it could be done, the gay ball-dress was taken off, and the flowers un-twisted from her hair. In my eyes she never looked so lovely as when I saw her go hurrying away in a shawl and wrapper, a hood drawn closely about the sober face, which was full of joy and rippling laughter a little while before."

Miss Dalrymple had dropped her eyes to hide the confusion that followed her betrayal of unworthy feelings. She heard every word of this brief conversation and understood to whom it

referred. When she looked up she was alone. Mr. Sangster had vanished from her side—and she knew that she had lost him forever.

The ball-room had no farther attractions for Miss Dalrymple. She arose from her chair, and with slow steps and a leaden weight in her bosom, retired from the festive scene to the seclusion of her own apartment. While Mr. Sangster, with feet made light by a warmer sentiment of admiration for Miss Fairfax than he had yet felt for the beautiful girl, made his hurried way to the Children's Seaside Home, asking for the young lady as he entered. He found her sitting by one of the beds, and bending over an ashen-faced child, whose large eyes, now fast growing dim, were fixed lovingly upon her. He had come in so noiselessly, that she had either not observed him, or thought him an attendant, and stood just a little behind her, not speaking. Miss Fairfax did not move nor turn, but continued to bend forward, with one arm under the head of the dying child, silently waiting for the death-angel to do his final work. Two or three quick spasms broke over the white face; the breath stopped; went on again; stopped—and the little sufferer she had so lovingly and tenderly cared for was at rest. Then, as if she had lost one dearly beloved, she laid her face down upon the dead face of the child and sobbed.

"Oh! is it you, Mr. Sangster?" she said, with a grave, artless manner, as she raised herself and turned from the lifeless child, her face still wet with tears. "Poor little sufferer! It is all over now. I am so glad they sent for me."

He took her hand as he would have taken that of his sister, and drew her from the room. I do not know just what he said to her as they walked back very slowly in the clear moonlight, one of her dainty little hands held tightly in one of his; but I do know that on the next day, when they were observed together, any one not half blind could have seen that a relation far closer than that of friendship had grown up suddenly between them.

"Have you heard the news?" inquired Mrs. Leslie, on meeting Miss Dalrymple a few mornings later.

"What news?"

"About Mr. Sangster and Miss Fairfax. An engagement, they say."

"Indeed!" Miss Dalrymple lost a little color, and some of the brightness went out of her eyes. She tried to appear indifferent, but could not wholly repress her pain and disappointment.

"For one, I admire his taste. Miss Fairfax is lovely; and as good as she is lovely."

"And yet," Miss Dalrymple said, in a quiet, serious tone, out of which she was able to keep nearly all signs of feeling, "you would hardly have thought a gay, fashionable girl like Miss Fairfax the one to fascinate Mr. Sangster. He's a religious man, you know."

"Indeed!" And Mrs. Leslie raised her eyebrows.

"Yes; a regular member of the church; active in the Young Men's Christian Association, and the superintendent of a Sunday-school."

"And you think all this makes him too good

for Miss Fairfax?" returned Mrs. Leslie, not quite able to keep a thrust out of her voice.

"He may not be too good for her—none of us have a right to say that. But religion and fashion and frivolity can never get along very well together; and for a religious man to marry a gay, worldly woman, is to run a great risk, to say the least of it. She will most likely draw him down to her worldly level."

"You call Miss Fairfax worldly, gay and frivolous?"

"I do not call her a very serious-minded person."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," said Mrs. Leslie. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles. Mr. Sangster has tasted the fruit of her loving Christian life and knows its quality."

"Christian life!" Miss Dalrymple was betrayed into a protest.

"I call that girl a Christian in the true and higher sense who, when dressed for a party or a ball, throws her gay robes aside without a moment's hesitation, that she may take her place by the humble bed of a sick and dying child in a charity hospital; more a Christian by far than one who—" She cut the sentence short; her better instincts asserting themselves in time to check the utterance of words she would have regretted had they been spoken.

"Perhaps," answered Miss Dalrymple, coldly. And the subject was dropped.

**UNWILLING BRIDES.**—If there is a person on earth entitled to sincere commiseration, it is an unwilling bride—a girl who has given her hand, without her heart, in marriage; and more especially is she to be pitied if her heart, unhappily, has been prepossessed by another. Can any prospect be more dreary than that which lies before such a bride? What has she to look forward to, what to expect, what to hope? Linked not for a day, but for life, to one with whom she has no sympathy—who is no more than a stranger, save that in law and in fact, but not in soul, he is her husband! Is it not dreadful to contemplate? How much more so to experience! It is natural and it is proper that parents should desire that their daughters should marry well, and it is reasonable that they should prefer for them husbands in comfortable circumstances. But when it comes to the exercise of compulsion in the selection of a husband—to commanding a daughter to relinquish an engagement or an attachment on which her whole soul is fixed, and to marry a man toward whom she feels indifference or dislike—that is a very different matter.

THE ability to procure luxuries often whets the appetite for them, until persons who are brought up in the most extreme simplicity and frugality become perfect *Sybarites* in their devotion to costly pleasures. Amongst all classes of society we see extravagance keeping pace with prosperity, and indeed outstripping it; realizing Archbishop Whately's paradox that "the larger the income the harder it is to live within it."

## MIRIAM:\*

AND THE LIFE SHE LAID DOWN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

## CHAPTER XVII.

FROM the smallest and feeblest beginnings, how often do great and noble things arise, Heaven, with all its divine and loving possibilities, is on the side of every effort to do good, and gives it a living force. We stretch out our hands, and take hold of some work that God lays at our feet, and lo! there is an influx of strength into our feeble arms. If it be a greater work than we can do alone, help comes speedily, and often from unlooked-for sources. If the faith be strong and the heart full of love, mountains of difficulty, which at first sight seemed impossible, are removed and cast into the sea.

Miriam came home one day, about a year previous to this time, with a look of unusual concern on her gentle face. On meeting Aunt Mercy, she said in a sorrowful tone: "I am so distressed, aunty, about two little babies I saw this morning. Their mother died last night, and the neighbors say that there's nobody to look after them, and that they'll have to go to the almshouse. Oh, I can't bear to think of it! Poor little things! It makes me sick."

Her eyes were full of tears.

"God never lets such pity flow into our hearts as you feel to-day, Miriam," said Aunt Mercy, "without a purpose. These little babies are His babies; as precious to Him as were those upon whom He laid His hands in blessing two thousand years ago."

"I know it! I know it! But what can I do? There is no babies' home in all the city to which they can be taken."

As she said this, Aunt Mercy saw the flash and thrill of a sudden purpose in Miriam's face.

"But why should there not be such a Home?" she added, after a moment or two.

"It has been talked about a great deal; yet, so far, nothing has been done," remarked Aunt Mercy. "It is the good beginning that is wanted."

Miriam dropped her eyes to the floor and remained silent.

"The good beginning," she said, looking up after a little with a bright expression in her face. "Yes, aunty, that's just it. If a thing is never begun, it can never be done."

"And it doesn't matter, so a beginning is made, how small it is," replied Aunt Mercy. "The highest, the grandest, the most marvelous results, often lie hidden as germs in the weakest and most insignificant efforts. There are unseen spiritual forces, good or evil, ever ready to help men in their benevolent or their malign purposes. 'Where there is a will there is a way,' is not a blind aphorism, but a truth based on the essential laws that govern man's inner life."

"Then," said Miriam, "a beginning shall be made, and if the way depends on the will, it now

lies open to my feet. These two babies must not, and shall not, be sent to the Almshouse. God has brought them to the door of my heart, and I am going to take them in—into my heart, and, if need be, into my home."

Her beautiful face shone in the heat of her loving purpose.

Aunt Mercy did not say a hindering word. While they were yet talking, a lady came in. She was dressed in faded mourning, and there were traces of care and sorrow on her countenance. Both Aunt Mercy and Miriam met her with great kindness of manner.

"It seems a long time since I saw you last, Mrs. Howell," said Aunt Mercy. "How have you been? And how are you getting along?" The interest in her manner was genuine.

A cloud of trouble came over the lady's face.

"I don't seem to be getting along very well," she replied, a little huskily, and with a break and tremor in her voice. "I've been trying to keep my room and take care of myself; but my only source of income, my needle, is about to be cut off entirely, I fear."

"How so?" inquired Aunt Mercy.

"My chest was never strong, and stooping and close confinement have tried it severely. I have a constant pain in my right side. I have very little appetite, and find myself growing weaker every day. In fact, the doctor says that I must stop this kind of work, or it will kill me. I see nothing before me now but to give up and go to live with one of my nieces, a kind, good little woman, who has more than once offered me a home. But the bread of dependence will be bitter to my taste. The crust one earns is sweeter than the loaf that is given."

"How much do you pay for your room?" asked Miriam. There was something more than simple curiosity in her voice.

"Four dollars a month," replied the lady.

"How large is it?"

"As large as this one," glancing around the room in which they were sitting.

Miriam turned her eyes from the woman's face, and sat thinking for a little while. Then looking at her, she said: "If your rent were paid, and five dollars a week besides, would you take care of two motherless babes for awhile to keep them from being sent to the Almshouse?"

A light came swiftly into Mrs. Howell's face, and she caught her breath with two or three quick spasms.

"I'll do anything that God calls me to do," she answered, her voice trembling with a sudden rush of feeling, "and do it gladly and thankfully."

"A poor mother," said Miriam, "worn out by sickness, and toil beyond her strength, died this morning, and left two children, the oldest not two years of age, and the neighbors say that they will have to be sent to the Almshouse. But I have said No; and when you came in, aunty and I were trying to think what we should do with them. It looks as if God had sent you here, Mrs. Howell."

"I think He has," was replied, in a subdued voice.

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by T. S. ARTHUR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"And you are willing to take them?"

"Yes—more than willing. I love children. My own babies were taken out of my arms many years ago, but they seem at times to be lying there still, and to be resting against my bosom."

"Could another room be had, if wanted?" asked Miriam.

"I think so."

"And if we should find more motherless babies?"

"I will do the best I can."

"Isn't it wonderful, aunty dear!" exclaimed Miriam, her countenance becoming radiant. "The will to do this thing has scarcely been formed before the way is made plain. We were talking about the need of a babies' Home, Mrs. Howell, just a little while before you came in, and had resolved that a beginning should be made, if it was in our own house—a beginning with these two poor little babes—and already the way has opened, and the Home is about to be started. When will you be ready to take them?"

"The quicker a good work is done the better," replied Mrs. Howell, whose heart was already feeling a restful confidence, to which it had for a long time been a stranger, as thought turned from the anxieties which had oppressed her to the new ministries of love that were coming to her hands. "I will go home and make everything ready, and you may send them at any time this afternoon that you please."

"But you have only your one bed, Mrs. Howell," said Aunt Mercy.

"I have extra quilts and blankets, and can put one baby on the floor to begin with. It's only a beginning, you know."

"I think I had better go home with you," said Miriam, "and see just how you are fixed, and what you will need. It's one thing to begin, and another thing to begin right. There's that crib up-stairs, aunty; we can send that; and the cribbed and pillow."

"Yes," replied Aunt Mercy, "and we can pick up a good many things about the house that will be needed, and which can be spared as well as not."

"And I'll find plenty of people to help as soon as we are started," said Miriam, confidently. "You think we can get another room in the house, Mrs. Howell?"

"Yes, I am quite sure of it."

"One next to yours?"

"I don't know about that; perhaps we can."

"Well, I'm going home with you to see just what can be done. There must be two rooms; one will not be enough."

Full of her new purpose, and confident that she would be supplied with all the means requisite to establish this nucleus of a Home for motherless and cast-off babes, Miriam did not hesitate to engage two rooms at a rent of eight dollars a month, and a woman to help Mrs. Howell take care of them and the two babies at ten dollars a month additional.

And so this new Home was opened, with Miriam Ray as its president, secretary, treasurer and board of directors all in one, and with Mrs. Howell

as matron, and not a dollar in the treasury. But it was not long empty. When Miriam came home that evening, after seeing everything done to her satisfaction, she found a letter containing one hundred dollars, accompanied by a note without signature, which read:

"Use this for any good cause you may have at heart. It is the Lord's money."

A cry of joy, and then burst of tears, arrested the steps of Aunt Mercy, who had handed her the note, and was about leaving the room. She came back to hear the good news; and then the two women sat down together, glad and tearful over this almost startling evidence of God's special care and immediate providence. They accepted it as an assurance that the work to which Miriam had set herself was His work, and that it would prosper.

At the end of two months, there was not space enough in these small rooms for the little waifs of humanity that were drifting into them, and a whole house had to be taken and furnished. By this time a few earnest and influential ladies and gentlemen had become deeply interested in the charity thus begun, and funds for sustaining it were freely given. Mrs. Howell proved herself thoroughly fitted for the position to which she had been chosen. The new life had given her a new vitality; she was well and happy.

A few months later, and the work having grown too large, and the care and responsibility too great for Miriam, a regular Institution was organized and chartered, and its management placed in the hands of a Board of Directors, she being chosen president. At the end of a year from the day on which Miriam provided a home for the two babies she would not have sent to the Almshouse, the new society was in possession of a well-arranged building, having accommodations for thirty or forty children, with nearly every room full.

This was the charity to which Mrs. Cleveland had offered a subscription of twenty-five dollars, and a visit to which she had half promised, on condition that Miriam would call for her. But Mrs. Cleveland had been influenced more by a passing fancy than by any deeper sentiment, in making her visit to Miriam, and though really pleased with and interested in her, this pleasure and interest were not grounded in any true appreciation of her pure and unselfish character. If, during the short time spent with Miriam, she had been lifted into a higher region of thought; if better impulses had stirred in her heart; if a desire had been felt for something nobler than the poor vanities of fashion and display to which so much of her life was devoted, she did not long feel their inspiration. Old states soon returned, and old bad habits of thought and desire took up their rule again.

And yet this contact with Miriam was not wholly fruitless. It left with Mrs. Cleveland a dim and troubling sense of something better worth living for than anything she had found. It was not often that she could so rise out of herself as to feel any genuine sympathy for others; but there had been times, in the years past, when her heart felt a touch of pity for Miriam, and when she had set her own life of attainment in contrast with

that of Miriam's life of loss and sorrow. How immeasurably brighter and more satisfying hers had seemed! To find this woman, of whom, if she thought of her at all in these later years, she had felt the old dim sense of pity, living in an atmosphere so serene that its breath tranquilized for a time her own restless and unsatisfied soul, was something for which she was not prepared. What had not life given to her! What had it not taken from Miriam! And yet she was becoming more and more discontented, and restless, and anxious for change and novelty, while the other's life was tranquil as the flow of a quiet stream.

A week passed, and nothing was heard from Mrs. Cleveland, who did not send the amount she had subscribed for the charity in which she had become, for the moment, interested. Two or three times Miriam thought of calling for her, as she had intimated that she might do if Mrs. Cleveland would accompany her on a visit to the Institution; but when the thought began changing to a purpose, she shrank back with an instinct grounded in something deeper than womanly delicacy. She could not, unless under the pressure of some strong sense of duty, present herself at the home of Edward Cleveland. All the reasons why, she did not permit to come into conscious thought. She was satisfied with the feeling that held her away.

One morning, about ten days after Mrs. Cleveland's call, as Miriam sat reading, she heard a child's voice in the hall, and then the sound of little feet almost flying up-stairs. The door was thrown open, and in an instant afterward little Neddy was in her arms, hugging and kissing her. A servant girl came after him, saying as she entered the room: "Now behave y'rself, Master Ned! And don't tear the lady all to pieces! Mrs. Cleveland sends her compliments, ma'am, and says Neddy's been worryin' and worryin' her life most out of her to let him him come and see you, and that she hopes you won't think it any imposition. I'm to take him right back if you do."

"Tell Mrs. Cleveland," replied Miriam, as soon as she could get free enough from the child's caresses to speak, "that, so far from being an imposition, it's a pleasure for me to have him."

"I'm going to stay ever so long, Miss Ray," said the child, looking at her with a glad expression.

"Oh, no, ma'am; he isn't to stay but a little while, his mother says. I'm to take him back with me," spoke up the girl, with some authority in her manner.

"You just hush up, Jane!" cried Neddy, in a passionate voice, the sweet light dying out of his face. "I'm going to stay here just as long as I please."

"Why, Neddy dear!" exclaimed Miriam, in a tone of sorrowful surprise.

"If that's the way y'r goin' to act, you bad boy, I'll walk you off home this blessed minute!" cried the girl, angrily, coming toward the child, and reaching out her hands to clutch him.

"Neddy forgets himself," said Miriam, in a gentle voice, as she drew her arm about the child and held him closely. "What did his mother say?"

The calm tone and steady look subdued the girl. She had caught hold of Neddy's arm, but let it fall from her hand.

"She said I might stay if you wanted me to," answered Neddy, not giving the girl time to reply.

"Tell Mrs. Cleveland," said Miriam, "that I would like to keep her little boy until this afternoon, if she has no objection. He and I will get along nicely together."

"I'm afraid, ma'am, you'll find him too much trouble," returned the girl, her manner growing subdued. "He's dreadful about minding."

"He'll mind me; won't you, dear?"

"Yes, ma'am; I'll mind every single word you say," was the prompt answer. "Wasn't I a good boy last time?"

"Yes, indeed, Neddy. Just as good as you could be."

"Of course I was. And now you run home, Jane, and tell mamma she needn't never send for me, if she doesn't want to see me, and I don't believe she does."

"O Neddy dear!" said Miriam, in a tone of reproof, as a look of pain came into her face.

"He's dreadful, sometimes," broke in the girl; "and worries his mamma almost to death; and I don't wonder she's glad to get him out of her sight!"

"Never mind, Jane," interrupted Miriam. "We'll let the past go. Neddy has promised to be a good boy, and I'll trust him. Give my compliments to Mrs. Cleveland, and say that if she drives out this afternoon I shall be pleased to have her call for Neddy on her way home."

The girl retired. As she left the room, Neddy said, confidentially, to Miriam: "She isn't nice at all, Miss Ray; not half as good as our other nurse. She jerks me about, and slaps me, and pinches me, and when I tell mamma she says she doesn't believe a word of it. She gave me a dreadful pinch last night. Just see!" The child drew up his sleeve. There was a bruised mark on his arm. "And then I hit her with my mug; and then she pounded me."

"Why, Neddy dear! That is all wrong. You mustn't strike your nurse."

"She pinched me," was the sturdy, self-justifying answer. "And whenever she pinches me I'm going to hit her."

Miriam changed the subject, but her heart was full of a strange concern for the child, mingled with a dimly shadowed impression of personal responsibility. He seemed to have become more to her all at once, than any other living child, except her sister Ruth.

Miriam had to be absent from home for over two hours that day. Before leaving, she talked with Neddy, explaining the reason why she must go out, and telling him that she would expect to hear the very best account of him from Aunt Mercy and sister Ruth when she came back. He looked disappointed, and was sober for awhile, but soon regained his cheerfulness, and promised to be very good.

The real pleasure that brightened in his face, and the warmth of the kisses he gave Miriam on

her return, touched her feelings, and made them still tenderer toward him. As the afternoon began to verge upon evening, her thoughts turned with expectancy toward Mrs. Cleveland; but that lady did not call for her boy; and she could hardly conceal her disappointment when she saw the face of Jane, the servant girl.

For the first time since Jane left him in the morning, did the child betray anything evil in his temper. The moment his eyes caught sight of the girl, his countenance lost its innocent expression, and a dark scowl fell over it. He clenched his little fists, and stuck out his lips with an air of defiance.

"You just go back home!" he cried, angrily. "Nobody sent for you!" and he retreated toward Miriam.

"Neddy! Neddy dear! You musn't speak so," said Miriam, in a tone of tender reproof.

"You just come along, sir!" And the girl, her face red with anger, moved toward the child.

She would have clutched him as a hawk clutches its prey, but Miriam held out her hand and kept her off, saying in a quiet but very firm voice: "Gently, gently! I can't have any rough treatment of the child here."

"He's got to come home, ma'am!" answered the girl, with considerable excitement of manner.

"Did you say to Mrs. Cleveland what I told you?" asked Miriam—"that I would be pleased to have her call for Neddy if she rode out this afternoon?"

"Yes, ma'am; but she said it wouldn't be convenient, and that I must come for him myself. And so I've come."

"You may just go home again, you may!" cried out Neddy, who was shrinking closer to Miriam. "Cause I'm going to stay here."

"Oh, no, Neddy is going home to his mother," said Miriam, speaking kindly, but decidedly. "He's only a visitor here."

"Well, I'm not going home with her!" was the sturdy answer; and he stood up, turning partly toward the girl, and scowling at her defiantly.

"Why won't you go with Jane?" asked Miriam.

"Because I won't! She pinches me, and jerks me about, and slaps me. Just look at my arm where she pinched me!" And the child drew up his sleeve and exhibited the bruised mark which Miriam had already seen.

"It's a lie, ma'am, it is! A wicked lie! He's the worst boy that ever lived!" Jane's eyes flashed with a cruel anger, and her hands worked with the repressed eagerness she felt to get them on the child.

"Tisn't no lie; and the's always doing it," retorted Neddy.

"That will do, Jane," said Miriam, firmly, as the girl was about replying. "You can go, and I will see that Neddy gets safely home."

Jane demurred, but Miriam was decided, and she had to return alone.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

IT would have been better for Edward Cleveland's peace of mind if he had not met Miriam Ray, and been touched by the sphere of her pure

and gentle character, the subtle fragrance of which, like the odor of some sweet, rare flower that we have touched, remained with him long afterwards. Her presence in his thought seemed to push his wife away from him, and to make her more unlovely in his eyes. Any contrast between the two women that intruded itself upon him, set Grace so far below Miriam that his soul turned from her with a feeling of strong repulsion and a bitter sense of loss.

He had thought his old love for Miriam—a passion made hopeless by his own act—buried so far under the earth of his common life, that it could never rise out of the grave to which it had been consigned; but now it was stirring and reviving, and taking on a new form and power that threatened him with evil and not good. It was thrusting itself in between him and the mother of his children; it was opening the door for temptation; it was pushing him out on a stormy and desolate sea; and it befooled him, if he would stand in safety, to thrust it back into the grave out of which it was rising, and bury it deeper than before.

But how was this to be done? In himself there was no help. He tried to turn away from the perpetually intruding image of Miriam; but he seemed to have lost the power of mental self-control. Of all human influences, only Miriam's could avail anything. Only her pure, true life, faithful to all that was high and noble, could hold him loyal to honor and duty. Not by word or precept, but by her presence in his thought as one lifted to a saintly height up to which he could never rise, except along the hard and often barren way of duty and self-denial. The old feeling came back to him more palpable than ever—the feeling that Miriam was spiritually present, and always conscious of his thoughts and purposes—always cognizant of his actions. And so he was able to possess his soul in safety under this new and keener sense of the loss he had suffered.

Whether it were true or not, it seemed to Edward that, from the time of this meeting with Miriam, a change had fallen upon his wife, and that toward him she was growing more indifferent than she had ever been, and getting more absorbed in the fashions and follies of the day. She went out a great deal, leaving her children to the care of servants, about whose characters she knew little or nothing; and if he ventured the slightest remonstrance, would grow angry or sullen.

"Where's our little boy?" he asked at dinner-time, on the day of Neddy's second visit to Miriam.

"Gone to visit your old flame, Miriam Ray," answered Mrs. Cleveland, with a covert thrust in her voice. "He teased, and teased, until I had to let him go for very peace sake. Jane says that he talked ugly to her after he got there, and declared that he wasn't coming home any more."

Mr. Cleveland did not reply.

"I don't believe it's good to have him go there," added his wife.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Cleveland, in a quick, surprised tone.

"Jane says that he was a great deal more

troublesome after he went there first, and that this time he was as saucy to her as he could be, and that Miss Ray encouraged him in it."

"I don't believe a word of it!" returned Mr. Cleveland, indignantly.

"I do, then. What reason has Jane to lie about it?"

"Good enough reasons of her own, no doubt," answered Mr. Cleveland; "but she lies if she says that Miriam Ray encouraged him in anything but what was right."

"Oh! you think her one of the saints." Mrs. Cleveland's lip curved slightly.

"I do not think she would hurt a child," replied Mr. Cleveland, speaking with forced calmness.

"Who said she would?" was the half-angry question.

"To encourage a child in doing what is wrong is to hurt that child," said Mr. Cleveland.

"Oh! you are nice in your distinctions."

"Don't let us have any words about this matter, Grace. It isn't worth while," said Mr. Cleveland.

"Words! Who is making any words but you? I only offered a remark, and you flew into a passion, and said that Jane lied, and all that! Words, indeed!"

The meal, after this, passed in silence, and when it was over, Mr. Cleveland left the table and dining-room without speaking, and returned to his store, feeling greatly depressed in spirits. He came home at an earlier hour than usual. Mrs. Cleveland was out. Jane, the nurse, met him with an excited account of Neddy's bad behavior at Miss Ray's, and of his refusal to return with her, adding, with angry warmth, that the lady encouraged him in it, "so she did!"

"How is he to get home?" asked Mr. Cleveland.

"Dear knows; unless the lady brings him home herself."

"Did she say that she would do so?"

"She said as how she'd see that he got home, sir."

"Oh, very well." And Mr. Cleveland turned from the girl, who lingered a moment, and then left the room.

He walked the floor restlessly for awhile, his mind in a state of unusual depression, and then pausing before one of the windows, looked out upon the street. As he did so, he caught a glimpse of Neddy's bright eyes laughing up to him from the pavement. A lady held him by the hand; but her face was turned away so that he could not see it, but the form was that of Miriam's. His heart paused for a moment, and then gave a heavy throb. Hurrying to the door, he drew it open ere the lady could touch the bell, and met the serene and saintly face of Aunt Mercy.

"Why, Miss Ray!" he exclaimed, as he caught her hand and held it with a warm pressure. "This is an unexpected pleasure; though I am sorry my naughty little boy has given you so much trouble."

"Oh, don't call Neddy a naughty boy, Mr. Cleveland. He's been very good; and it was a pleasure for us to have him. Ruth and he have had a real good time together."

"Come in, Miss Ray; come in! It is such a long time since I saw you," He drew upon her hand. Aunt Mercy hesitated, but he urged her so warmly that she permitted him to lead her into the parlors.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Cleveland is not at home; but I am expecting her every moment."

Jane, who had heard the street door open, now came forward and said to the child in no very amiable tones: "Come! I want you."

But Neddy, who was still clasping one of Aunt Mercy's hands, drew close to her side, and leaned against her. She had taken a seat on one of the sofas. Jane came forward and took hold of the little boy in no very gentle way; but he resisted stoutly.

"Go, Neddy," said Mr. Cleveland.

"I don't want to go with her. She's mad, and she'll pinch and slap me, so she will!" returned the child, shrinking still closer to Aunt Mercy.

Mr. Cleveland's eyes were on the girl's face, and he saw the flash of cruel anger that burned over it.

"Oh, Mr. Cleveland!" cried Jane, trying to hide the passion she was betraying, "It isn't so at all! I never pinched nor slapped him in my life. But he pinches and hits me whenever he can get a chance—he does!"

"What do you call that?" said Neddy, pulling up his sleeve. "It's one of your pinches, and I've got plenty of 'em!"

"It's one of his lies, sir!" retorted Jane, losing command of herself, and glaring cruelly at the boy.

"There, that will do, Jane." And Mr. Cleveland waved his hand for her to leave the room. She retired muttering something that could not be heard.

"She does pinch me, and she does slap me! She's always doing it; and when I tell mamma, she says, 'Oh, hush!' or, 'Don't bother me!' or, 'Why don't you behave, then?' And I won't behave for her if she kills me—I won't! And I'll hit her if she hits me; cause she's no right to do it—she hasn't!"

The child had moved a little away from Aunt Mercy, and was standing up straight, with an air of angry defiance in every expression and attitude. He had become transformed in an instant, and his father gazed at him in painful surprise, half in doubt for some moments if he were not dreaming. Recovering himself, Mr. Cleveland said, a little huskily, yet with no displeasure in his voice, "Go and look out of the window, my son, and see the people. I want to talk to this lady."

The child obeyed. As soon as he was out of hearing, Mr. Cleveland lifted his eyes to the face of Aunt Mercy, and they looked at each other in silence. Mr. Cleveland was first to speak.

"I am troubled about this," he said; "Do you think it can really be true?"

"That the girl has treated your boy unkindly?"

"Yes, harshly and cruelly, if we are to credit what he says?"

"I am afraid there is too much truth in it," replied Aunt Mercy, "Neddy has a number of marks on his arms and legs that look like bruises, and he says they are Jane's pinches. The girl hasn't a

good face, and you can see that she is quick-tempered."

"Is that so? Many bruises on his tender flesh?"

"Yes; I counted seven or eight."

"Aunt Mercy!" Mr. Cleveland used the old familiar name.

"These will pass away in time; but the hurt that goes deeper than the flesh, may never pass away," said Aunt Mercy.

"I know! I know! But I never dreamed of this."

"Neddy is a strong-willed boy, hard to drive, but easily led through his affections, which are very strong. I have been watching him closely; he has many fine traits of character, and but few faults that may not be easily corrected. His vitality is strong, and when unwisely or harshly repressed, rebellion will be the first instinct of his nature."

Mr. Cleveland was about replying, when he heard a carriage stop at the door. Neddy called out, clapping his hands, "Oh! Here's mamma! Here's mamma!" He turned to the window, and looking out, saw a stylish buggy, and a man he knew too well by reputation, lifting his wife to the pavement. Both glanced up at the window and saw Mr. Cleveland; and the countenances of both changed instantly. The man did not bow in recognition, but turned, and jumping to his seat in the buggy, spoke to his horses, which sprang away at a rapid speed.

When Mr. Cleveland came from the window, Aunt Mercy was almost startled by the expression of his face. She arose, as if to retire, and stood waiting for Mrs. Cleveland, whom she had never met. A dead silence followed the ringing of the door bell. Nearly half a minute passed before Mrs. Cleveland was admitted by the servant. She did not enter the parlor, but went hastily along the hall and up to her chamber; her husband bending his ear and hearkening to her retreating footsteps.

"Tell Mrs. Cleveland," said Aunt Mercy, as she made a movement to go, "that she must let Neddy come to us very often. He behaves like a little gentleman, and we shall always be glad to see him."

"Can't I go home with her, papa?" said the child, catching hold of Aunt Mercy's hand. "She'll let me."

"No, dear, not to-day," replied Mr. Cleveland, in a voice so changed that Aunt Mercy hardly knew it. The child also felt the change, and glanced up at his father with a look of surprise. He did not repeat his request, but all the brightness faded off from his face as he saw the form of Aunt Mercy, who did not part from him without a loving kiss, vanish through the door.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

M<sup>r</sup>. CLEVELAND did not go immediately to his wife's room. He wanted time to think. The man with whom she had been riding out was named Linton. He was well connected in the city and State, but notoriously of such a dissolute character that it was a shadow on a woman's reputation to be seen in his company. Edward was

not even aware that Grace had met this man, much less that she knew him well enough to accept his invitation for an afternoon's drive.

While he still lingered in the parlors, undecided as to his course of action, Jane came in for Neddy, who had not spoken since Aunt Mercy went away. He had crept back from the door through which she had vanished from his sight, and curled himself in one corner of a sofa, where he lay very still, watching his father all the while with a curious yet troubled look. He sprang up as Jane came into the room. His father turned his eyes toward him, and saw an expression both of fear and defiance on his face.

"Leave him with me," said Mr. Cleveland, in a voice that caused the girl to start.

She stood for a moment, as if to offer some remonstrance, and then retired.

As she left the room, Mr. Cleveland took Neddy by the hand and said: "Come, dear, let us go and see mamma."

The child's face grew bright again. They went up-stairs together; Neddy, whose spirits were reviving once more, chattering to his father. Mrs. Cleveland was standing in front of a dressing-glass as they entered her room. She turned on hearing them, and looked steadily at her husband, but with an expression he was not prepared to see. He had expected to find her cold and distant, or abashed and humiliated. But she was neither. There was a warm glow on her face, and a pleasant welcome in her eyes. She even smiled as she said, with a well-assumed lightness of manner: "What in the world brought you home so early this afternoon?"

As there was no response from her husband, nor any change in his grave, troubled looks, Mrs. Cleveland affected both surprise and concern, and said: "You're not sick, Edward?" coming toward him a few steps, and looking as if she were really troubled.

"Yes; I am sick at heart," he replied.

"Sick at heart! From what cause?"

She did not drop her eyes for a single instant beneath his steady gaze.

"Come here, and I will show you."

He crossed the room to a window, still holding his boy by the hand, and, sitting down, commenced unfastening the child's dress.

"What's the matter?" she asked, looking as if she thought her husband demented.

He had drawn off the outer garment, and now pushed the linen sleeve from one of Neddy's arms. There were three bruised marks, one close to the elbow, and two high up, and near the shoulder. Mr. Cleveland turned the arm so that his child could see them, and asked: "What are these, my son?"

"They're Jane's pinches," was the little fellow's prompt answer.

Then he bared the other arm, where two more discolorations were seen.

"And these?" demanded Mr. Cleveland.

"They're Jane's pinches, too; and I've got more of 'em. She's always a pinching and slapping me!"

Mr. Cleveland looked up at his wife. The color

had gone out of her face. She started across the room and was raising her hand to ring the bell, when he said: "Stay, stay, Grace! What are you going to do?"

"I want Jane," she replied.

"What for?"

"To know about this?"

"What more do you want to know?"

She came back and sat down, taking hold of Neddy, and pushing his dress off far enough to lay one of his shoulders bare.

"Oh, it hurts!" cried the child, shrinking, as she pressed her fingers on a long, dark bruise that lay across the shoulder blade.

"What did that?" she asked.

"Jane knocked me against the table," was answered.

"When?"

"This morning."

"What made her do it?"

"I hit her, 'cause she pushed me over; and then she knocked me against the table and hurt my shoulder. I cried, and she gave me a stick of candy if I wouldn't tell."

Mrs. Cleveland sprang up, and was again about ringing the bell, when her husband said: "Don't call her yet. This is too serious a matter to be treated hastily or in anger. We must take time for consideration."

"All the time I want, is the time it will take to get this cruel wretch out of the house. Why didn't you tell me of this?" addressing the last sentence to her child.

"I did tell you how she hit and pinched me, ever so many times," answered Neddy, "and you said, 'Oh, hush!' or, 'Don't bother me!'"

"Why, Neddy! Neddy?" Mrs. Cleveland's face crimsoned deeply.

"Well, you did, mamma!" persisted the child. "Jane's bad, and I hate her, I do! I'll kill her, I will, if she doesn't stop pinching and knocking me. And she shakes Blanche dreadfully, too, when she cries—she does, indeed, papa! I wish you could see her."

Mrs. Cleveland could be restrained no longer. She caught the bell-rope and jerked it violently.

"Send Jane!" she said to the maid who answered her call.

The nurse came in with a frightened look on her face. The maid had seen the half-undressed child in Mrs. Cleveland's chamber, and warned Jane of some impending trouble.

"What did that?" demanded Mrs. Cleveland, showing the ugly bruise on Neddy's shoulder.

"Don't know, ma'am," was answered. "Never saw it before. He must have got it at the place where he went to-day."

"I got it when you knocked me over on to the table." Neddy's voice rang out as clear as a bell.

"It's a lie! I never knocked him against the table!" Jane's face was on fire in an instant.

"Do you know anything about these marks?" asked Mrs. Cleveland, with forced calmness, holding up one of the child's arms.

"No, ma'am, I don't," was the unhesitating answer.

"You wash and dress him every day, and must have seen them."

"They're her pinches, mamma; that's what they are!" Neddy's opportunity had come and he was not going to let it pass. "And them's her pinches, too," holding up the other arm.

"You little liar!" exclaimed the girl, making a movement as if to pounce upon Neddy, who shrank instinctively against his mother.

"That will do, Jane," said Mrs. Cleveland, speaking sternly. "I can't have such language."

"He's the worst boy I ever saw, ma'am." Jane's eyes flashed. "And you may get somebody else to look after him. I'm not going to do it any longer."

She turned to leave the chamber.

"Very well, Jane," replied Mrs. Cleveland, controlling herself.

As Jane went out, she followed, taking Neddy by the hand and going to the nursery. On entering this room she saw her youngest child, a sweet little girl, now a year and a half old, lying upon the floor.

"Why, baby!" she cried, "what's the matter?"

The child sprang up with a bound, and turned upon her mother a tear-stained face.

"Blanche, dear! What's the matter?"

"Jane shook me and hurt me!"

"What for?"

"'Tause I wouldn't let her button my boot."

"Why wouldn't you let her button your boot?"

"'Tause I don't like her," answered the child. "Button my own boots."

"She shakes Blanche dreadfully, sometimes, mamma," said Grace, who was three years older than the "baby."

Mrs. Cleveland sat down, taking the sobbing little one in her arms and drawing her head, rich with sunny curls, against her bosom, that was stirred now with thrills of unwanted tenderness.

"I thought Jane was kind to my pet," she said, as she kissed the red lips and soft cheeks of her baby.

"She's good sometimes, and then she's awful," answered Grace. "This morning she knocked Neddy against the table and hurt him dreadfully."

Katy, Mrs. Cleveland's maid, came into the nursery with a message from Jane, who was going away and wanted her money. "There are ten dollars due her, she says."

"See here, Katy! Have you ever seen Jane ill-treat the children? I thought she was fond of them, and over-indulgent, if anything."

The girl hesitated about replying and showed some confusion of manner.

"Jane's kind-hearted enough," she said, at length, "but quick-tempered; and—and—I'm afraid she isn't always herself; leastwise, not of late."

"Not herself! What do you mean?"

"I don't want to say anything against her, ma'am. Maybe she can't help it. Some of 'em can't when they once get to taking it. Jane isn't a bad-hearted girl."

"You don't mean that she drinks!" exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland.

"I'm afraid, ma'am, there's something of that kind," answered Katy, in evident reluctance to speak against her fellow-servant.

"Oh dear! That's dreadful!" and Mrs. Cleveland gave a shudder. "There's no telling what she might have done to the children. Ask Mr. Cleveland to come here."

On the appearance of her husband, she said to him with considerable excitement of manner: "I never dreamed of such a thing, Edward; but Katy tells me that Jane drinks whenever she can get a chance."

"Oh! That's the explanation. Then she must leave the house immediately," said Mr. Cleveland. "How much do you owe her?" He took out his pocket-book.

"Ten dollars."

The money was sent by the hand of Katy, and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland were left alone with their children in the nursery. Blanche was still lying with her head nestled against her mother's bosom, tear-stains still visible on her half-hidden face. The room was in great disorder, playthings scattered around, and almost every article of furniture out of its right position. The atmosphere was heavy and impure.

"Take the children away from here," said Mr. Cleveland, in tone of authority that was unusual with him when addressing his wife. "The air is poison."

He crossed to one of the windows and threw it open. A hot flush came to Mrs. Cleveland's cheeks; but she did not reply. She arose in a dull, passive way, and led her children from the room, taking them to her own chamber. Her husband followed. There was a stern, resolute expression on his face, and a something that Mrs. Cleveland did not understand. He stayed for only a little while, and then went down-stairs, remaining alone until tea-time, when he met his wife again. Both were on guard as they looked into each other's faces across the tea-table, each concealing and reading as much as possible. Mr. Cleveland was first to break the silence.

"I was not aware, Grace, that you knew Mr. Linton well enough to ride out with him." His tone was that of a man who restrained himself with an effort.

"Is there any harm in riding out with Mr. Linton?" she asked, almost naively, and without betraying a sign of confusion.

"Yes; a great deal of harm. Mr. Linton is a man of bad character, and it is a blot on a lady's reputation to be seen with him in public." Mr. Cleveland spoke with rising excitement.

"Are you not mistaken?" queried his wife. "You surely must be!"

"Mistaken! Good heavens, Grace! Mistaken about Frank Linton! There isn't a viler or more disreputable man in the city."

"Rather strong language, Mr. Cleveland." There was a slight pungency in the lady's voice. "He was at Mrs. Abercrombie's last week; and I don't think the Abercrombie's, who belong to one of the best families in town, would invite to their house, and introduce to their friends, one of the vilest and most disreputable men in the city!"

"The Abercrombies know all about him; and it was a social wrong for them to include him among their guests on the occasion to which you refer," replied Mr. Cleveland, his manner growing more emphatic. "But no matter whose invited guest he may be, he can never be mine, and my wife must not again be seen in his company."

"Must not?" There was a flash in the eyes and a quiver in the voice.

"That is what I said, Grace." Mr. Cleveland's tones had fallen to a lower key, and had in them something like a menace.

"I may be led, but not driven," was the reply; "don't forget that, if you please, Mr. Cleveland."

"If you will not listen to reason, Grace!"

"There is no reason in a command; and you must not attempt authority with me. Obedience was never one of my virtues, and I am too old to acquire it now."

There was a coolness in the manner of this retort that took Mr. Cleveland by surprise.

"Then I withdraw the command, if it hurts or offends you, and change it to a request," he said. "I know a great deal more about Frank Linton than you possibly can, because I meet a great many people who have knowledge of his character and habits, and who discuss them freely. As I have already told you, it is a blot on a lady's reputation to be seen in his company, and you cannot wonder at my surprise and mortification when I saw him hand you from his carriage at my own door. Let it be the last time, Grace, I beg of you, for your own sake and mine! It is no light thing for a man to have the foul breath of slander touch his wife and the mother of his children!"

He spoke with great earnestness, and with an almost tender appeal in his voice.

"If you take it to heart like that," his wife answered, "of course I will not accept his invitation again. I never imagined for an instant that there was any harm in it. Some people speak lightly of him, and shrug their shoulders; but I notice that many of these very people are quite gracious in their manner when he shows them any attentions. There are other men about whom light things are said; but I do not see that it affects their standing in society, or makes them less favorites, if they have attractive personal qualities. If every man or woman about whom people talk were ostracized, our good society would miss many of its brilliant stars. Stupid people are never marks of envy or slander."

"I don't like to hear you talk so, Grace," said Mr. Cleveland. He was very serious. "It is no excuse for vice or crime that the tone of society is low. To tolerate the vicious is to harm the good. If bad men are received and courted, does not the fact give them power to hurt the innocent and unwary? Or, if not to hurt them directly to do it indirectly, by lowering the tone of public sentiment. It may not hurt you to ride out for an afternoon with Frank Linton, but the fact that you were seen in his company may be such an endorsement of his character to some weak one, ignorant of his base quality, as to throw her off her guard, and make her an easy prey to a foul despoiler."

Mrs. Cleveland made no reply to this. Her husband saw her face fall into shadow, and watched it keenly. There was something in its expression which he had never seen before—something that gave him a sense of doubt and uneasiness. The rest of the meal was passed in silence.

## CHAPTER XX.

"I SAW something to-day that I do not like," Miriam remarked to her aunt, as they sat together one afternoon a few weeks later.

Aunt Mercy looked up inquiringly.

"Mrs. Cleveland riding out with a fast-looking young man. This is the second time I have seen them together. I don't know who he is; but his face, though handsome, had, to my eyes, an evil expression. He was driving a splendid pair of horses, and Mrs. Cleveland was leaning toward him, as he talked, in a way that seemed altogether too familiar."

"I'm sorry to hear this," returned Aunt Mercy. "No young wife, who is truly loyal in heart to her husband, would accept a gentleman's invitations to ride with him alone, unless he were a near relative or well-known friend of the family. And even then, the occasions should not be frequent. A wife will surely lose something of her fair fame if seen at public places, or on the street, or driving out alone with any man except her husband."

The conversation was interrupted at this point by the noise of carriage wheels in the quiet street. A vehicle came dashing up to the door, where it stopped. On looking from the window, Miriam saw Mrs. Cleveland in the act of alighting from a buggy. She was almost lifted to the ground by the young man in whose company she had seen her a few hours before. There was a hurried, but too familiar style of parting, and then the young man stepped back into his buggy, and gathering up the reins, spoke to his horses, which sprang away at a rapid speed. At the same moment the door-bell rang.

Miriam went down to the parlor, a feeling of trouble at her heart. Mrs. Cleveland met her with an unusual freedom of manner, addressing her as "My dear Miss Ray!" and apologizing for not having called before to pay in her subscription to the Baby's Home. She drew out her pocket-book as she spoke, and gave Miriam the twenty-five dollars she had subscribed.

"I've had such a time at home!" she said, scarcely giving Miriam an opportunity to thank her for the gift. "You remember that nurse-girl who brought Neddy to see you? Well, would you believe it? she drank, and abused the children dreadfully! Poor little Neddy was bruises and pinches all over! We sent her flying, you may be sure. It's dreadful, isn't it? And there's no knowing who to trust; though I've got a girl now who seems all right. Neddy takes to her, which he never did to Jane; and that is something in her favor."

"Dear little fellow!" said Miriam, in a tone of genuine pity, as soon as Mrs. Cleveland gave her an opportunity to speak. "The heart must be very evil that can neglect or ill-treat a child."

"You may well say that, Miss Ray," returned her visitor. "Poor little things! My blood boils whenever I think of it. One experience has been quite enough for me; and I look a great deal closer into my nursery than I ever did before. Mr. Cleveland was frightfully angry about it; and I don't wonder much, he's so fond of his children. He blamed me more than was just; and as I am quick-tempered and rather high-spirited, it made a little breeze between us; but we're used to that, and it was soon over."

She paused, but Miriam did not reply. A heavy weight of concern had fallen upon her bosom. Mrs. Cleveland resumed: "Neddy teases dreadfully to come and see you; but since he put your aunt, as I learned, to the trouble of bringing him home, I have refused to let him make another visit."

"O Mrs. Cleveland! Don't, don't do that!" said Miriam, quickly. "It's a pleasure for us to have him; and he gives us no trouble whatever. Let him come at least once a week; and I'll be surety for him that he goes home without a word when he is sent for."

"He'll promise all fair enough; but he hasn't a good reputation for keeping his promises. Still, one can't blame him much for not wishing to go home to a drunken nurse who pinched and abused him, poor little fellow!"

"You will let him come, Mrs. Cleveland?"

"If you really desire it, Miss Ray. He will be delighted, I know."

"I do desire it. We have all taken a fancy to the dear little fellow. My sister Ruth asks for him almost every day. They had a real good time together. Send him to-morrow morning."

"Very well; to-morrow it shall be."

"How old did you say he was? Six, if I remember rightly?"

"Yes, he's six years old. Dear me, how the time flies! To think of my having a great boy six years old! When I told a lady the other day that I was the mother of three children, she looked as if she didn't half believe me, and said she hadn't even suspected that I was a married woman—I looked so young and girlish. When I pointed out my husband, she exclaimed: 'Oh, dear, not that sober, staid-looking gentleman? I might have taken him for your father, but never for your husband!' Wasn't it amusing? I told Mr. Cleveland about it, but he didn't even smile—he's so provoking sometimes. Indeed, I don't think he just liked it; making me out so young-looking and him so aged. But he does begin to look old, don't you think so?"

Miriam had no heart to reply, but Mrs. Cleveland did not wait long for a response.

"You wouldn't believe it," she rattled on, "but he's actually growing gray! It's true as gospel! I counted more than a dozen gray hairs on his head yesterday; and you can see them sprinkled all about in his beard. My gray-headed old husband! It makes me smile to think of it."

Miriam was shocked; not so much by what Mrs. Cleveland said, as by her manner of saying it. She changed the subject by asking some further questions about her children, and then remarked

that she had a class of little boys in the Sunday-school, and would like so much to have Neddy among them.

"He'd be delighted, I've no doubt," returned Mrs. Cleveland; "the trouble will be to get him there. How far away from our house is the church?"

"Only two or three blocks distant. You know the Tabernacle Church?"

"Oh, yes. At what hour does school begin?"

"At half-past nine in the morning."

"Oh, dear! That's too early. We never have breakfast before half-past nine."

"Your children are not in bed so late?"

"Oh, dear, no! They're up long before; and their father, too, as to that. But I get my best sleep in the morning, and take extra indulgence on Sundays. Mr. Cleveland doesn't have to hurry off to his business as on week-days, you know."

"Wouldn't the nurse give Neddy his breakfast, and have him sent round to the church in time? I will see that he's brought home after school."

"I suppose that might be done, and I will speak to her about it. But I don't go to your church, you know."

A doubt as to the propriety of letting her boy go to any other church than the one to which she was nominally attached, showed itself in both look and manner.

Miriam smiled faintly as she replied: "The church is the Lord's, and we are all His children. I do not think your little boy can get any harm; and we will try to do him good."

"Harm! Oh, dear! I don't imagine such a thing. I only spoke of our not going to the same church. We have to consider these things, you know. But I'm not afraid to trust Neddy with you; and I'll see if I can't manage to have him brought round to the school every Sunday morning; though I won't promise for his good behavior."

"But I will," said Miriam, a light coming into her sweet face.

"I'm going to send Ned to Sunday-school," said Mrs. Cleveland to her husband that evening.

She smiled at his start and look of surprise.

"It's true. I settled it all to-day, and he's going next Sunday morning."

"Where?" was the query, made in an incredulous tone.

"Round at the Tabernacle Church."

"Who's going to take him?"

"One of the girls will take him round."

"Do you know any teachers there?"

"I know one—Miss Miriam Ray—and she asked me if I wouldn't let Ned come into her class of little boys; and I said I would. Have you any objection?"

"None," replied Mr. Cleveland, in a low voice, which had in it a shade of sadness. He turned his face away from the direct gaze of his wife, and looked dreamily into vacancy.

"She doesn't belong to our church; but I don't see that he can get any harm in her Sunday-school class."

"None whatever," was answered, without any apparent interest. But Mr. Cleveland's manner

became more quiet and abstracted, and his eyes had in them a dreamier expression.

"I gave her twenty-five dollars to-day for the Baby's Home, in which she is so much interested. Was that right?"

"Yes."

"I was going to tell her to put your name down for fifty more; but thought I'd better ask you first. What do you say about it?"

"I'll give fifty with pleasure." Then, after a pause, "It might as well all go in your name. Suppose you make it a hundred. I'll give you a check for seventy-five dollars more."

"Just as you please, so that the Home gets it. Poor little babies! I'm glad they've found so good a friend as Miss Ray. She's the very life and soul of the institution; I'm told, in fact, its very existence is due to her. I heard a lady say that, about a year ago, she rented a room at her own expense; put into it two babies that she picked up somewhere, and hired a woman to take care of them; and that out of this small beginning has come an institution which now shelters and cares for over forty cast-off or motherless little ones. She's a saint, and ought to be canonized."

There was a tone of mingled levity and seriousness in the voice of Mrs. Cleveland as she uttered the last sentence.

"I'm not very fond of saints," she went on, with increasing levity; "but Miss Ray is an exception. She doesn't affect goodness, and draw her garments away from you lest they touch a vile sinner and get soiled in the contact."

"Have you visited this Institution?" inquired Mr. Cleveland. He did not turn toward his wife.

"Oh, no! I never go to such places. It's too painful."

Mr. Cleveland sighed, his head bent lower, and his gaze became more fixed and dreamy.

"Would you like to have me go?" his wife asked, in a tone that caused him to turn quickly.

He looked at her for a moment, as if half in doubt whether he had heard aright, and then said: "Yes, I would like to have you go; and, what is better still, get interested in the good work they are doing there. You will be happier for it, I'm sure."

He spoke with a sudden earnestness of manner that surprised his wife.

"Then I'll go," she answered, "if it's only to please you; though I can't promise much in the way of becoming interested. I'm not a born saint or philanthropist."

"Saints are not born," her husband replied, a gentler expression coming into his face. "To be good and useful is the privilege of every one, and all that the word saintship really involves is within your reach and mine, if we would rise to so high an estate."

"I'm not ambitious for honors of that sort," Mrs. Cleveland replied. "And I don't believe that I could ever wear them with becoming grace. You see I'm not one of the kind. Too much of the earth, earthy, about me. Your Miss Rays are one in a thousand; or, I might say, one in ten thousand. But I am not so sure," she added, dropping her voice to a more serious tone, "that

any of us need envy them the sorrow and suffering through which, as it seems to me, they all have to pass before the saintly aureole is seen above their heads. My feet are not strong enough to take me along the way the most of them have to go, and I shall not attempt an essay that will be sure to end in failure."

She turned from her husband, and sat, with an absorbed air for a long time, he glancing toward her occasionally, a sad and troubled expression deepening on his face.

On the next Sunday morning, Neddy was taken round to the Sabbath-school of the Tabernacle Church, and received by Miriam into her class of little boys. His father stood at one of the parlor windows and saw his bright, happy, little countenance as he went off accompanied by one of the servants. Turning away, with a deeply drawn sigh, he sat down, with his head bent, and his eyes resting on the floor, and remained so for almost half an hour, when the ringing of the breakfast-bell aroused him. He found his two younger children at the table, but their mother had not yet made her appearance. As it was altogether uncertain how soon she would be down, Mr. Cleveland directed the waiter to pour out his coffee and help the children, and so the meal began. He tried to talk cheerily to the little ones, but there was no heart in his voice, and it was only by a forced effort that he kept himself from relapsing into the gloomy reverie from which the summons to breakfast had aroused him.

The meal was half through when Mrs. Cleveland made her appearance in a soiled morning dress, with her hair in papers, and her whole aspect untidy. An ill-natured frown shadowed her brow, and discontent sat on her lips. She took her place at the table without speaking a word to either her husband or children, and poured for herself a cup of coffee; but the moment she tasted the beverage, she set the cup down, an expression of disgust on her face, and said sharply to the waiter: "Go and get me some hot coffee!"

The waiter retired, flushed and angry; but was out so long that Mrs. Cleveland grew impatient and struck the table-bell two or three times violently. As she did so, her husband arose and left the dining-room. Not a single word had passed between him and his wife. Little Grace slid down from her chair, and was going out after her father, when she was ordered to come back and finish her breakfast.

"I'm done, mamma," said the child, looking round, but not pausing.

"Come back, I tell you! You're not done!" exclaimed Mrs. Cleveland.

"Yes, I is done," persisted the child, gliding from the room and running along the hall toward the library, where her father had gone. She was just inside of the door, when her mother, who was in no mood for trifling, caught her with a tight grip; but the child resisted and tried to throw herself upon the floor, screaming at the same time.

Mr. Cleveland, who had just dropped into a chair, started up at this outcry, and said, with a burst of angry impatience, very unusual for him:

"What on earth is the matter, Grace? What has the child done?"

Mrs. Cleveland threw him a single fierce glance, and then caught up the still resisting child and bore her away. He heard her retreating cries; and then came the sound of four or five smart blows on her tender flesh, followed by screams of mingled passion and pain. With one hand held tightly against his forehead, Mr. Cleveland stood listening to the cries of his baby, every tone of which hurt him like a thrust. The impulse to follow and rescue the child from its angry mother was so strong as to be with difficulty resisted. But he knew from experience that to interfere would only make things worse.

Soon the cries ceased, and Mr. Cleveland, still more depressed in feelings, sat down again, shrinking in his chair as if pressed down by a heavy weight. From the dining-room, Mrs. Cleveland went up-stairs, and her husband did not see her again until they met at the dinner-table.

He was eating sour grapes, gathered from the vine of his own planting; eating them in full view of the purple clusters, rich with sweet juices, that might have been his, but were now forbidden to his taste.

It seemed to Edward Cleveland almost like a retribution, this coming of Miriam across his way, even though in the guise of an angel of mercy, to care for and bless, with her loving influences, his strong-willed, impulsive and neglected boy. All the depths of his nature were moved as they had never been moved before. The world that once looked so fair and beautiful, with its many dear delights, its dignities, its honors and its possessions, seemed, for the time, a poor and worthless thing, and he turned from it with a sad yearning for something more satisfying to the soul; for something to ease the pain that was aching in his heart; for something to lift or lighten the burden that was bowing his spirit to the earth.

Mrs. Cleveland, though nominally a church member, was not a regular church-goer. She went occasionally, and whenever she did so, her husband always accompanied her. It was his habit to wait until church-time on Sunday mornings, and then, if she did not make her appearance, to go out for a walk; rarely, when such was the case, attending worship anywhere. But on this particular morning, as he left the house alone, he felt so troubled in spirit, and so weak in himself, that with a sort of blind yearning for help or relief, he bent his steps in the direction of the church in which he held a pew, and entered with the gathering congregation.

Never before had the words of sacred Scripture seemed so full of spirit and of life. Passages, long familiar to his ears, came to him with new meanings; and heavenly truths, which had once flown through his thought as light-winged birds through the air, dwelt in his mind, soothing, softening, inspiring and comforting. It seemed as if service and sermon were for him alone.

All this was a new experience in the life of Edward Cleveland. Up to this time, the world had seemed sufficient, and the good it had to offer beyond all other good desirable. But now a long-

latent sense was quickened in his soul, and he had a dim perception of the higher and purer things that lie beyond this world, and in a region where peace reigns and the heart is satisfied.

Old memories revived, and old states of feeling, which seemed to have passed forever with his earlier years, came back with their tender impressions. He was a child again at his mother's knee; he was sitting by her side in church; he was hearkening once more to the loving precepts that fell from her lips—precepts so long forgotten, that, for all their influence upon his life, it seemed as if they might as well not have been spoken. Passages of Scripture, which had not been thought of for years, came up out of his memory, and that sweet and tender assurance of our Lord, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," was spoken to him anew, and in a voice so living, that it was almost as if the Saviour stood in real presence beside him. And He did stand closer than he knew.

How heavy laden he was; how troubled and distressed! How had all his dearest hopes perished! The life that was to be so rich in blessing had become a barren waste, and he could no longer send his thoughts into the future and make bright pictures of coming joys. In the bitter anguish that fell upon his soul, he lifted his heart upward in a half-despairing cry; and as he did so, he felt as one who is drifting helplessly on a strong current might feel as he swept into a quiet eddy.

Upon his state of darkness and self-abandonment—of formless void and emptiness—over which the Spirit of God was mercifully brooding, light broke feebly, and he was able to see how poor, and mean, and unprofitable were the things of this world, and how rich and beautiful, and above all to be desired, were the things of Heaven.

When Mr. Cleveland went home from church that day, it was with a new purpose in his heart. There had been a separation in his mind between the things of this world and the things of Heaven. One had been set beneath and the other above, and the difference between them was for the time most clearly discriminated. He had never in all his life had such a clear and impressive sense of the relation they bore to each other.

As he turned into the block in which his house stood, Mr. Cleveland saw a lady and child standing at his door. The door had just been opened, and the lady was stooping to kiss the child. He saw this little tableau for an instant; then it dissolved, the child vanishing through the door, and the lady passing up the street with hurried steps, and out of sight around the nearest corner. Dissolved, did we say? That was only as to the outer vision; to the inner sense it remained ever after as fixed in form and permanent as a photograph.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

IT had been Miriam's purpose to send the child home by one of the older scholars when the school closed, but Neddy clung to her side, and seemed so unhappy at the thought of leaving her, that she concluded to take him to church and let him remain during the service. He sat perfectly

quiet, absorbed, to all appearance, in what was passing before him. At its close, there being no one in whose care she felt free to place the child, nothing was left for her but to take him home.

The day did not bring its usual Sabbath rest to the soul of Miriam. The presence of Edward Cleveland's child in her class at Sunday-school had disturbed its tranquillity. She found her heart going out toward him with a tenderness that made her eyes dim with tears as she looked into his face; and there came such a longing to clasp him in her arms, and to hold him tightly to her bosom, that she was able only by an effort to restrain herself. As she sat in church during the morning service, she was more distinctly conscious of the warm little hand that lay in hers than of anything passing around her. She scarcely heard the sermon, and when she joined in the singing it was with the lips only. A strong reluctance seized her as she bent her steps in the direction of Mr. Cleveland's residence; and she had an impression as of something wrong or unmaidenly in stopping at his door, away from which she hurried, we might almost say fled, with a half-scared, half-guilty feeling, the moment she had passed her charge to the servant.

"Are you not well, dear?" inquired Aunt Mercy, looking with visible concern at Miriam as she came quietly to her place at the dinner-table.

"As well as usual," returned Miriam, making an effort to smile; but the pleasant light broke but feebly over her face, and died off quickly. Loving eyes scanned her closely, but nothing more was said.

In the afternoon she went to a mission school, where she had charge of a class of young girls in whose welfare she felt a deep interest. They were in humble life, exposed to many bad influences, and Miriam's efforts to lead them into the thought of, and desire for, purer and better things, and to impress them with the idea of God's presence and loving care, had not been fruitless; and in this she had an exceeding great reward.

On the next Sunday morning, when Miriam entered the school-room, almost the first object that met her view was the bright little face of Neddy Cleveland, which began rippling all over with smiles the moment she made her appearance. He put up his mouth for a kiss, and as she bent to him he caught her around the neck and hugged her tightly. A flood of tenderness swept through her heart as she returned the warm caress. When school closed, it happened as before. The child refused to be taken home by one of the older boys, and clung closely to Miriam, who had no alternative but to let him go with her to church, where he remained, as on the previous Sunday, perfectly quiet during all the service.

"Can't I go home to your house, Miss Ray?" he asked, as they left the church door.

"Oh, no, dear," Miriam replied. "Neddy's mamma can't spare her little boy."

"Oh, yes, she can. I'm such a trouble. She won't care."

"But I promised your mamma, darling, that if she would let you come into my class at Sunday-school, I'd have you safely returned home; and

I've kept you already until after church-time. If we don't do as your mamma says, maybe she won't let you come at all."

"Yes, she will. I heard her say to nurse that it was good to get me out of the way for a little while. She won't care. Can't I go home with you?"

"Do you love me, dear?" asked Miriam, her voice growing soft and almost pitiful.

Neddy's eyes, which were lifted to her face, said "Yes," more eloquently than his voice.

"Then you will do just what I think best, won't you?"

The "yes" that dropped from the child's lips had in it a quiver of disappointment.

"I knew it," said Miriam, cheerily, as she tightened her grasp on Neddy's hand.

Then a silence fell upon both. It was broken after a few minutes by a cry of "Oh, there's my papa! I'll just ask him; he'll let me go home with you."

And the child broke away and ran towards his father, who was crossing the street just in advance of them.

This came almost too suddenly upon Miriam, and it taxed her utmost strength to press back and hold her feelings in check. She saw Mr. Cleveland's look of surprise as Neddy caught him by the hand; and heard the child's eager request: "Can't I go home with Miss Ray? Mamma won't care!"

In a moment afterward she was face to face with Mr. Cleveland, and before he had time to speak, said, in a voice that gave no sign of any inward disturbance: "If you have no objection, I will take him home with me."

"You are very kind, Mir—Miss Ray," he replied, with less ease of manner than she was exhibiting. "But that would be to impose on good nature. You have had care enough of him for one day."

Neddy had let go of his father's hand and was now holding tightly to one of Miriam's.

"It will be no trouble to me, Mr. Cleveland," was replied. "Your little boy is very good, and we all like to have him."

Very good! Strange words to Mr. Cleveland's ears, when spoken of his restless, active, strong-willed boy, who was in disgrace at home for more than half his time.

The interview was brief, and when these two parted, going different ways, the child was holding fast to Miriam's hand.

"Ned has gone home with Miss Ray," said Mr. Cleveland, on meeting his wife. "The little fellow begged so hard that I could not find it in my heart to refuse him."

There was something in Mrs. Cleveland's eyes, as she fixed them steadily on her husband, that hurt him. Its meaning he did not comprehend.

"Where did you see Miss Ray?" she asked, the tone in her voice hurting quite as much as the look she had just cast upon him.

"I met her in the street on my way home from church."

"Oh, you've been to church!" There was a

mingling of doubt and sarcasm in Mrs. Cleveland's voice.

"Yes."

"What church?"

Mr. Cleveland was annoyed at his wife's manner, but repressed, as far as possible, any sign of feeling.

"Our own church."

"You're very sure?" She arched her brows and curved her lips just a little. There was an expression in her face that stung him like an insult, and it required a strong effort to keep down his rising indignation. He made no reply.

"And so Ned has gone home with Miss Ray! It's an imposition on the dear, good soul; but she's one of the saints, whose pleasure it is to bear all things and endure all things. Ned fairly worships her. I'd be jealous if I was weak and foolish enough to care. Somebody will have to go for him; or did you settle that with Saint Miriam—her name, I believe?"

"Nothing was said about that," replied Mr. Cleveland, gravely. "You will have to send a servant to bring him home."

"Or, maybe, you'd like to go yourself? It will be a pleasant walk."

There was an undertone of meaning in the voice of Mrs. Cleveland that shocked her husband. Whether she spoke only in thoughtless banter or from a base suspicion, he could not tell; but he was deeply pained. His old love for Miriam had been too pure, and his respect for her too high ever to be succeeded by a mean or unlawful sentiment, and the bare intimation of such a thing both hurt and outraged him. But he knew his wife's character and the quality of her sentiments and feelings too well to let the full impression of what looked like a covert thrust be seen.

"Do you know?" said Mrs. Cleveland, in a changed voice and manner, and with an easy frankness of speech that took her husband by surprise, "that I have a great admiration for Miss Ray? If a saint ever lived on this earth, she is one. You made a great mistake in taking me for your wife instead of her. You needn't look so shocked! It's the truth; and no one knows better than I do."

"Grace! Grace! You must not speak so!" replied Mr. Cleveland.

"Why not? The truth is the truth, and you can't change it. Miss Ray is a hundred times better than I am, and would have made you happy; while I only manage to worry the life half out of you with my folly and bad temper."

"You are the mother of my children," replied Mr. Cleveland, an unwonted tenderness breaking into his voice; "the wife I have vowed to love and cherish. O Grace! why shall we not be to each other more than we have ever been? Life holds many rich blessings for us both, if we will but take and enjoy them."

He bent down to kiss her. But there was no warm response. He did not touch her lips, for she turned them away, and received his kiss on her passive cheek, the coldness of which struck a chill to his heart.

Mrs. Cleveland saw the light which had flushed

her husband's face go out, and the look of pain and grief that succeeded; and something like pity for the man she did not love or try to make happy, stirred the surface of her feelings.

"Don't be foolish," she said, in a softer tone, but with a light indifference of manner that told how little she really cared for her husband. "I'll try to be a better wife, if I can; though I'm afraid I was born to be your tormentor. You will have to keep your soul in patience a little longer. It won't be forever, you know."

Mr. Cleveland turned from his wife with the feeling of one who has been pushed away, and as he did so, she lifted the book she was reading when he came in, and bent her eyes down on the open page.

How was it possible for Mr. Cleveland not to feel at this moment, and with a bitterness that was half despair, the terrible mistake of his life? Fast bound to one who had no true affection for him, and whom his heart had rejected long ago, he saw before him, as in a halo of divine light, the form of the only woman he had ever loved, moving in a sphere of self-forgetting charity, and winning from even the selfish and the indifferent the title of "Saint." How perfectly did she fill his ideal of womanhood—more perfectly now than in the happy days when he thought her all his own. And she might have been his!

He was drifting away on a forbidden sea of thought, and only by a strong effort of will was he able to turn the current back. But the sound of Miriam's voice remained in his ears, stirring old memories, and filling his heart with a tender sadness. It was the old, sweet voice, but more subdued and quiet; and it seemed to rest and comfort him as he listened to its soft echoes coming down from some far off region into which he might not enter.

*(To be continued.)*

#### TO HIM THAT HATH SHALL BE GIVEN.

BY RUTH.

"WIDOW GRANGER'S cow fell into one of those pits from which I have been taking stone, and was killed. I told the men to close the gate; but it was neglected by some one, and this morning she was found dead." Mr. Holmes's voice betrayed considerable annoyance.

"Such a pity!" said his wife, whom he had addressed. "Mrs. Granger is so poor; and this will be a great loss to her and her children."

"Yes, of course it will be a loss; but I don't see why people let their cows go running at large to annoy their neighbors and get into danger." And, having finished his breakfast, he prepared to go out to attend his usual business.

Mrs. Holmes sat a short time at the elegantly-furnished breakfast-table, thinking of the widow's cow perhaps.

A beautiful lady was this Mrs. Holmes; pale, tall, graceful in every movement. Care had left no trace upon her face. Always rich, she knew nothing of the wearing care of poverty. Having no children of her own, she never knew their joy

nor loss. Indeed, she, an American lady, living in the midst of the numerous workingmen whom her husband employed, and in a neighborhood of farmers in only middling circumstances, had yet apparently no more idea of actual poverty than the queen, who, upon being told her subjects had no bread, asked why they could not eat cake. So the widow's cow could not long affect her as she went about among her flowers, tended her canaries and petted the poodle that fared much better every day than her neighbors' children. Her duties began and ended in her own house.

'Squire Holmes was different. Beginning as a poor man, he had worked his way steadily up the ladder of fortune; and standing now upon the topmost rung, looked around and wondered why any one should be poor or in need of help. And why any man should be so inconsiderate as to die and leave a wife and children unprovided for, was something he never could understand. He had not married until late in life—until his fortune was assured. Then he married the daughter of a wealthy man. Neither were so young, as they both declared youthful marriage a youthful indiscretion, of which neither would have thought of being guilty. And why any one should have but one cow, and that one wandering around lanes and highways, and into a field of which the gate was open, and then get killed, irritated him this bright morning more than a little. For the wear and tear of the struggle for riches had left their mark upon him in more ways than one. It was provoking people would talk and lament the cow, and the widow's poverty, in a way that he did not like to hear; and, oddly enough, the one way to put a stop to their talk never occurred to him.

"Mother, Widow Granger's cow was killed by falling into a hole in one of 'Squire Holmes's fields last evening."

"Why, father, you don't say so!" exclaimed good Mrs. Rush, pausing on her way between the stove and cupboard, as she busily prepared the morning meal. "I can't tell you how sorry I am. Why that cow was half the living of the family; and I know how impossible it will be for them to replace her."

"Yes, I know they find it hard to make the ends meet."

Farmer Rush was silent until Mrs. Rush, having completed the preparing of the tasty morning meal, they sat down with thankful hearts.

"Do you know, mother, that I never see Mrs. Granger's children without thinking of the four little graves in the church-yard? Just the same proportion of boys and girls! Somehow I fancy our Jacob would have been some such a bright, manly little fellow as Charlie Granger; he looked so much like you, you know. And our Minnie would have been much the age of little Jenny."

"Why, Amos, I often and often have thought the same thing, only I feared you would think me foolish for having such notions. I was so glad when you gave them the fruit to gather. Mrs. Granger said they hadn't had so plentiful of everything for a long time as they had last winter. The fruit she dried on shares, and what apples you let

the children have for gathering, made half their living, besides what they sold over and above what they used and bought several things they needed."

"Well, mother, I don't see why we cannot let them have the same chance this autumn."

"Nor I either. We are neither of us so strong as we used to be, and there's no use of our working so hard. Let them gather the fruit, grapes and all, Amos. That is, what we will not need."

"O mother, there is Mr. and Mrs. Rush coming, and he is driving that cow of theirs that looks so much like our poor Blossom!" And at the mention of the name of the favorite, the children's eyes filled with tears.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Granger," said Farmer Rush's loud, cheery voice. "Mother and I have been talking to-day, and we begin to think we are too old to tend to four cows; so we concluded to make a present of this one to your little folks. Not a word now," as the little woman stood almost gasping in her astonishment and attempts to speak. "And, I just now think of it, Pinkey won't like staying by herself, and there's plenty pasture with the rest, and Charlie can drive her to and from the farm night and morning," and settling himself in a chair, with little Jenny on his knee, he looked just as if giving a cow away was the most common event in life.

The children divided their attention about equally between Mrs. Rush, the farmer and the cow, while Mrs. Granger just sat down and cried. She had felt the loss of the cow so much, she said, and she never expected to have another; and when Mr. Holmes had driven by that afternoon and spoken in an aggrieved tone of her carelessness in allowing her cow to run along the big road and in lanes, and finally fall into a hole on his premises and get killed, she had felt guilty in a manner of, she scarcely knew what. But of course Mr. Holmes was right; her cow should not have been trespassing. And now—

"Now you are as rich as ever," said Mr. Rush.

"Oh, far richer, for we know now what friends we have!"

"Well, we must go now, as soon as you milk, and Charlie can come along and drive Pinkey."

"There never was such happiness before derived from one pail of milk, surely," thought Mrs. Rush, as the four children stood round their mother while she drew the snowy stream into the fast-filling pail; and when the last drop was drawn, and she lifted the precious burden, they formed a procession around little mother and pail, while she bore it in triumph to the milk-house. And when at length they departed, Charlie gayly drove the cow in front, while the whole troop of bright faces followed them with loving eyes. In their joy over the new possession, poor Blossy's fate faded from their minds.

'Squire Holmes remarked, upon hearing of the gift of the cow: "No wonder Amos Rush is not rich."

Dear Mrs. Rush had said, in speaking of the Holmes: "They never had any children of their own to soften their hearts."

"My grapes paid me the best of any money I ever invested," said 'Squire Holmes to Farmer Rush. "I sold, over and above our own using, two hundred dollars' worth. Your lot is about equal to mine."

"Well, yes," said the farmer; "but you see there were so many sick; and I think a bunch of grapes is so nice where people haven't much of anything. And mother and I got in the habit of carrying a basket to this one and that. So by and by there were not so many. Then we let Widow Granger's children gather and sell for jelly quite a lot—enough, in fact, to buy their winter shoes. Then mother and I have no one to lay up for," he said, with a pathos homely but touching.

And the rich man, walking homeward, wondered for whom he was laying up. And thinking of these two neighbors all their lifetime, "To him that hath shall be given."

### MY GALA DAY.

BY MRS. R. W. BRAINARD.

O RAINY day! my gala day!  
I'm glad you've come again to me!  
And while the sun is hid away,  
The clouds and I go quietly  
Through every room and nook, to see  
How full of joy the day can be.

In every nook I find a book,  
Or bit of work that needs my care;  
Or flowers greet me with a look  
That speaks for me a grateful prayer.  
I pause beside a picture, where  
Dear hands once left a blessing there,  
And think how blest must be their rest  
Who chant no songs but songs of praise;  
Who never pause with fingers prest  
Above the heart on rainy days,  
As if to hide the thorn which frays  
The edge of human joy always.

Though all alone, I'm not alone!  
I do not heed the wind that blows;  
The rain has music in its tone;  
And, full of joy and sweet repose,  
I grasp, in spirit, hands of those  
Who wait me at life's final close.

And kindred eyes, with glad surprise,  
From every shelf and cosey nook  
Look out through such familiar guise,  
I wonder how I e'er mistook  
The kinship of the souls which look  
So tenderly from song and book.

O rainy day, my gala day!  
How full of speech is all the air!  
And in the light so dim and gray,  
Lithe forms go tripping up the stair,  
Their presence fills the chambers where  
Loss sat alone with weary care.

So full of speech and thoughts which reach  
Up through the clouds that veil the day!  
I listen, while the thunders teach  
The love which turns each bolt away,  
And grow content, and glad to stay  
Where heartache frames the prayers we say.

## EAGLESCLIFFE.\*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

## CHAPTER XVI.

LIKE all mothers—for there is a spiritual motherhood, as surely as there is a spiritual orphanage—or like other mothers, if “all” is too broad in its significance, Hepsibah had long been dreaming dreams and seeing visions. Her own life had always been narrow, circumscribed, held back. In humble content she had done the duty of the day, and enjoyed thankfully whatever of good it brought, demanding nothing better of fate, and hoping for nothing higher. But for Karl her whole being reached out in eager aspiration after whatever was truly best and highest. Without fully understanding him—for he puzzled her every day of her life—she yet discerned in him the germ of golden possibilities; and it was not strange that her heart throbbed and her color rose when, after the boy had been kissed and praised and sent to bed, Captain David said: “Well, well, well! The little feller did first-rate, didn’t he? I wonder if the doctor’s right, and it would pay to send him to college?”

It was a serious question with the captain. No Morris within the memory of man—none of his Morrises, that is—had been educated men in the usual acceptation of that much abused word. They had all been plain, independent farmers, strong-brained and strong-handed, proud and honest; men whose word was as good as their bond, and who would have scorned to take unrighteous advantage of the weaknesses or the sins of others. They had been men whose opinions were deferred to at town-meetings; and they had not been without their own modest share of honors. One of them had been a judge, and another had been sent to the legislature. But not one of them had been to college. It seemed a little like an innovation on the traditions of the family.

“Jeremiah took it into his head once that he’d like a college edication,” he went on, musingly, “and I remember ‘t father said the Morrises had got along so well without stilts ‘t he didn’t believe it was best to begin usin’ of ‘em. You don’t remember father, Hepsy—but there ain’t one of his sons ‘t can hold a candle to him.”

“But Karl is not a Morris,” said Hepsibah, quietly.

“That’s a fact!” cried the captain, with an actual look of relief. “Well, I s’pose we could afford to send him if it should seem best, by and by, though sometimes it might need a hard pull. Truth is, the farm don’t do near so well as it used to, Hepsy. There don’t none o’ the farms round here. Land’s gettin’ kind o’ worn out, I’m afraid. What d’ye say to sellin’ out, and goin’ West?”

“Oh, dear, David! don’t speak of such thing! You and I are too old to bear transplanting.”

He laughed heartily. “No fear o’ my tryin’ it,” he said. “I don’t believe I could sleep in my grave if the shadow of the old Eagle’s Cliff didn’t fall on it. But it’s the truth, what I said about

\* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

the land, Hepsy; and it makes me feel kind o’ scrimped, sometimes. Then there’s that railroad stock I was green enough to get caught with. It don’t pay no dividends, and it don’t look much as if it ever would. I got my fingers bit that time, no mistake.”

There was much other talk, and nothing was settled definitely. But Hepsibah went to bed that night feeling as if a wide door was swinging open, through whose portals her boy might pass to take possession of the fair domain that seemed to her his rightful inheritance.

One pleasant afternoon, some months afterward, Karl and Winny were about starting for the hill pasture in pursuit of raspberries. Hepsibah stood in the back doorway; Winny was beside her, basket in hand, and both were watching Karl, who sat on the lowest step disentangling some fishing-tackle. It was best to be prepared for all emergencies.

Suddenly a voice sounded across the three-cornered meadow, calling loudly: “Winny! Winny!”

Tryphosa stood in the other doorway, waving her apron, and beckoning madly.

“I’ll just run across and see what Aunt Phosy wants, while you’re getting out that snarl,” said Winny. Karl nodded acquiescence, and away she flew.

Presently she came back, looking somewhat crest-fallen. She had exchanged her little basket for a larger one.

“Oh! I can’t go a-berrying to-day,” she exclaimed, as soon as she was near enough. “It’s too bad, and Aunt Phosy is just as sorry as ever she can be. But she had forgotten she had promised to send Mrs. Farleigh’s dress home this afternoon; and it will be too late after we get back.”

“Never mind,” said Karl, winding up his line. “Another day will answer just as well for the berries. They’ll be all the sweeter.”

He swung his rod over his shoulder, settled his straw hat more firmly, and stretched out his hand for the basket.

“Come on!” he continued. “I’ll go over to Mrs. Farleigh’s with you, and we’ll come home through Perry’s Woods, and do some fishing.”

“But I haven’t any pole,” Winny remarked, anxiously.

“Oh, no matter! I’ll cut you a nice one, and bait your hook for you; so you’ll be all right. Here we go. Good bye, Aunt Hepsy!”

She stood watching them as they strolled off toward the lower gate, thus avoiding the dusty highway, and gaining instead a pleasant, winding lane dotted here and there with trees, and running between corn-fields, meadows of clover, and orchards laden with swelling, ripening fruit.

As Karl swung wide the gate, and stepping to one side held it back that Winny might pass through, he glanced up at the house and saw Hepsibah, still standing where they had left her. He was too far off to see the yearning, brooding tenderness in the soft gray eyes that followed him; but something in her attitude, in the expression of her reaching, bending figure must have been equally eloquent.

"Wait for me just a minute, please, Winny!" he said; and setting down the basket, and dashing the pole on the grass, he flew back up the slight ascent and threw his arms around Hepsibah's neck.

"I love you, Aunt Hepsey!" he cried, impetuously.

"My Karl! my darling!" she whispered, in return. "But what made you rush back to tell me of it just now?" holding him off, and looking at him with smiling eyes.

"I don't know," he answered, slowly, and as if puzzled to account for his own impulses. "I—I couldn't help it. I just *had* to come!"

She laughed a happy laugh as she kissed him, and then sent him off to rejoin Winny, who had seated herself under the shade of a great flowering alder-bush, and was patiently awaiting developments.

All that afternoon Karl's childish expression, "I just *had* to come," rang like a strain of ravishing melody through Hepsibah's heart and brain. That was the way she wanted him to feel. Not that he owed her a debt; not that she had saved him from the poor-house; not that it was his duty to render her all loyal and obedient service, but that there was some subtle, spiritual kinship between them, and that when her soul called after him, his could not help but answer.

The children strolled on through the grassy, shadowy lane, in no haste to reach the end. The hazy, midsummer afternoon, the tempered heat, the soft languor in the air, the drowsy, droning hum of the brown, honey-laden bees, the slow, monotonous rustling of the leaves—a sound that was more slumberous than silence—disposed them to lingering delays, even though they knew the speckled trout were waiting for them in cool, dark retreats, and among the tangled roots of over-hanging trees.

"You love Aunt Hepsey very much, don't you," said Winny, with no rising inflection, her thoughts going back to the little scene she had witnessed from afar. She was by no means asking a question.

"Yes," he answered, simply and concisely.

"I don't wonder," she went on. "She is so very good to you—always."

"Yes," he said, again. "But I don't think it is that, Winny. We don't love people just because they are good to us. It's because she is Aunt Hepsey—not because she does something."

"But if she didn't do things she wouldn't be Aunt Hepsey," retorted Winny. "Aunt Hepsey is always doing things."

To which argument Karl had nothing to say but this: "Well, you are not always 'doing things.' What makes me love you?"

"Do you?" asked the miniature woman, limping and smiling, but with a little coquettish toss of her head. "You haven't told me so for ever so long, and I'm not quite so sure about it as I used to be."

He looked at her gravely from under his hat-brim.

"When we were little bits of children," he said, "playing Queen Esther and King Ahasuerus, I had to tell you over and over again so that you

would remember. I was afraid you would forget."

"Maybe I shall forget now if you don't keep on telling," she answered. "I'm not very big yet, Karl—and you are not near so big as Andrew Moulton."

"Why do you say that?" drawing his lithe figure up to its full height. "What has Andrew Moulton to do with us, I should like to know?"

"Nothing," she faltered, "only—when I wanted him to help me do a sum yesterday—just that one sum I couldn't get quite right, you know—he said he liked me a great deal better than he did any other girl in school, and better than you do—and—and he gave me this," drawing her hand from beneath her apron, and shyly displaying a red carnelian-ring.

"Now look here, Winny," said Karl, his face flushing, as he seated himself deliberately on a stone, and with a slightly imperious air motioned her to a seat beside him. "Let's talk this thing over."

To tell the truth, this was rather a bitter pill for Karl, Andrew Moulton being the one Mordecai who sat in the king's gate and troubled Haman. That he should be able to give Karl's chosen friend the help Karl himself could not give, and in the very line wherein he felt his weakness, was bad enough, to be sure, without the ring.

"Now, look here, Winny," he continued, "is all just as it used to be?"

"I—I—don't know what you mean," she said, half-frightened, for there was an angry ring in Karl's voice she had never heard before.

"Why, about when we are grown up—when I'm a man, and you are a tall, beautiful lady—and we are too big to play, and everything is real. Is it going to be as we used to talk? I want you to tell me the truth, Winny."

"I always tell the truth, Karl Harvey," she responded, severely. Then, in a changed tone, "Is it about living together in a beautiful palace, you mean? about keeping house?"

"Yes; only it won't be in a palace. I was a foolish little boy then," he said, out of the wisdom of his second decade, "and I didn't know any better. No one lives in a palace in this country, Winny; but I suppose it will be in a beautiful house."

"And was the rest all because you were foolish?" she asked, "about the gold, and the silver, and all that?"

"No—I guess not," he answered, slowly, his eyes unconsciously following the flight of a meadow-lark. "If we live in a beautiful house there will be beautiful things in it, of course. Only it won't be a palace. That was all nonsense, and I should not want you to be disappointed. Now, tell me, is all just as it used to be?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. I thought that was all settled long ago."

"Well, then, I want you to give that ring right straight back to Andrew Moulton."

Our little lady had just as much of a truly feminine love for finery as if she had lived on Fifth Avenue all her days and knew the difference between *point gaze* and *point applique*.

"It might make him very angry," she said, diplomatically, and looking askance at Karl, who was intently boring holes in the ground with the tip of his pole. "Maybe he wouldn't quite know what to make of it," and she twirled the ring round her finger.

"Why, did you promise to wear it?"

"N-o. But I let him put it on my finger. I—I—shouldn't want to make him angry, Karl!"

Karl rose gloomily, and taking up the basket, stalked sturdily onward, as who should say, "errands must be done, though the heavens fall." Winny looked after him in amazement for a second or two, and then trudged on behind him.

Karl heard the little patterning footsteps, but never turned his head. On he went, walking faster and faster, and looking neither to the right nor the left. After a while a voice in the distance called faintly: "Karl! Karl!"

Perhaps he did not hear it, but at any rate he did not pause nor answer. Then came a sound of low, stifled sobbing, a rush of hurrying feet, and Karl turned to drop his pole and throw his arms round Winny, who was running toward him in a storm of tears.

"Here—take the ring!" she sobbed. "I never want to see it again! never, never! and I hate Andrew Moulton!"

They compromised matters then and there by burying that poor carnelian circlet deep under a thorn-bush, Karl consenting that Andrew should be allowed to suppose it lost.

After the solemn ceremony was over, he kissed Winny's wet cheek with a brotherly air. "You're just the dearest little girl in the world, after all," he said, "and I don't suppose you thought I would care about the ring. But it wasn't pretty, any way, and sometime I shall get you one, Winny! such a ring as you never saw in all your life! It will be a great diamond that will shine like the sun, or else a big, round, white pearl. I haven't quite made up my mind. Which would you like best?"

Neither of the children had ever seen a pearl or a diamond; but Karl's imagination was vivid enough to foreshadow all things. It may well be doubted whether there are any jewels in the whole wide world as fair and radiant as those it showed to him that day. Discussing this important matter, they walked happily on until they reached Mrs. Farleigh's gate.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

**I**T was a pretty bijou of a house that a rich Bostonian, who took a sudden fancy for the mountains, had built for a summer residence. He soon tired of it, however, and since then one and another of his friends had occupied it for a few months at a time. Indeed, so many birds of passage had nested there during the bright, warm summer days, only to flit away with the falling leaves, that the name of the original owner had quite dropped away from it, and it was known only as "The Visitor's Cottage." Its occupant this season was—Mrs. Farleigh.

The children had often been to the place when the house was closed, lured by the pretty grounds, the quaint honeysuckle arbor, the rustic seats in unexpected nooks, and the gleam of the little fountain that leaped and laughed as gayly as if it were bigger. But they had never been inside the doors; and now they paused a moment at the porch to reconnoitre.

The front door stood open.

"Why, what a queer carpet!" said Winny.

"Sh! sh! It isn't a carpet, don't you see?" said Karl, in a low tone. "It's only a floor made of different kinds of wood. Isn't it curious? See that great star in the middle and the pretty border next the wall."

"It's just like any other floor, I guess," Winny remarked, with a critical, non-committal air, "only painted better, maybe."

"No," said Karl, stooping and running his fingers over the border at his feet. "It is wood in different colors. I can feel the seams where the pieces are joined. And look! there are some letters before the door—'W-e-l-c-o-m-e.' I don't quite like that."

"What is it you don't quite like, my little fellow?" asked a voice to the left—a voice with a ripple of laughter in it.

Karl quickly raised himself from his stooping posture, coloring deeply; and snatching off his straw hat, he threw back the yellow hair that had fallen over his forehead in soft, shining waves. Winny drew back a little, sheltering herself behind him, and stood with folded hands and drooping head, her brown eyes glancing up from beneath her white ruffled sunbonnet.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with instinctive, inbred courtesy, as he bowed to the lady. "I thought we were alone—Winny and I."

"So you were," said the lady, smiling pleasantly. "But I heard strange voices and came from the parlor just in time to catch your last words. So you don't like this 'Welcome'? Why not? Isn't it hospitable?" and she looked at him curiously.

Karl hesitated, a little natural embarrassment mingling with a doubt as to whether it was proper for him to express his opinion.

"I did not have the word put there, you know," she added, with a glance at the downcast, troubled face. "I found it there when I came. But don't you think it hospitable?"

"It is too hospitable, that's the trouble," Karl replied, at last, expressing part of his thought and then stopping short.

The lady laughed. "Why, wouldn't you bid your friends welcome, if this were your house?"

"Yes, ma'am—my friends," he answered, emphasizing the last two words.

"But not your enemies? Well, I have no enemies that I know of—at least not in this part of the world. So I'm safe."

She was smiling all this time, as she leaned against the parlor door, watching Karl with an amused face.

"That is not just what I meant," he said, after a moment's consideration. "I was not thinking about enemies. But, you see, the word doesn't

mean anything when it is there all the time. You are not glad to see everybody—always."

"But perhaps I ought to be," suggested the lady. "You seem to be something of a philosopher. What have you to say about that?"

Karl was not quite sure, in spite of her pleasant manner, that the lady was not laughing at him; and he was quite sure he did not like to be called a philosopher. Still he was too straightforward not to answer gravely and respectfully.

"I have nothing to say about that. I am not old enough to know. But if I had a house I am sure I should be gladder to see some people than others; and *that*," with a swift glance at the obnoxious word, "that says just the same thing to everybody!"

Mrs. Farleigh—for of course it was she—came forward with outstretched hand. "Well, shake hands with me now, and let's be friends," she said, laughing. "The floor does right in bidding you welcome, for I think I am going to like you very much. This little girl is your sister?" and stooping down, she tried to glance at the shy, rosy face hidden under the sunbonnet. "And did you have an errand with me?"

"Oh, no! This is Winny," Karl answered, briefly, to the first question. "She came on an errand, and I came with her."

"Ah, I see! And your name?"

"Is Karl. Karl Harvey."

Mrs. Farleigh looked at him inquiringly for a moment, as if about to ask some other question, and then turned to Winny.

"Aunt Phosy sent me to bring your dress home," said the child, taking up the basket Karl had set down. "It is in here. She said I was to bring it back if it was not all right."

"That's it, is it? Well, my maid has gone out this afternoon, and you shall go up to my chamber with me while I look it over. Your friend Karl can amuse himself while we are gone;" and nodding slightly to the boy, the lady, with Winny in advance of her, disappeared up the low, broad, winding staircase.

Karl, standing motionless on the tessellated floor, looked after her very much as he might have looked after an angel vanishing in the far, unclouded sky. He had talked with Mrs. Farleigh—that is, he had replied to her questions—because, young as he was, his gentlemanly instincts compelled him to answer when a lady spoke. But, all the same, his heart had been in his throat, and his pulse had throbbed wildly. He was bewildered and dazzled; not only by Mrs. Farleigh's extreme personal beauty—a beauty that was of as noble and majestic a type as that of the fabled goddesses whose immortal youth has for so many ages held the world in thrall—but by the inexplicable something that we call charm of manner—a blending of grace and dignity, an unconscious ease and elegance, that comes only from high social culture, and long familiarity with all the aesthetics of life. It was something entirely new in the boy's experience, and yet it appealed to a kindred something in his own nature with all the force of instinct, all the power of habit.

Describe Mrs. Farleigh? It is not an easy thing

to do, and after it was done you would be no wiser. I could tell you the color of her eyes and hair; I could give you her height in feet and inches; the curve of her eyebrows, and the very tint of her cheek. But beauty is a certain all-pervading, harmonious whole. We cannot place our finger upon it and say it is this, that, or the other. While it is as real, as positive, as matter itself, it is yet as elusive as a dream, and as intangible as light; and just as no description of a fine picture can convey to the mind of one who has never seen it any definite idea of its subtle charm, so no pen and ink portrait of a beautiful woman can be anything more than a vague pretense. I might as well attempt to count the stars as to paint for you the lady who had just passed up the stairs, and after whom Karl looked as if all the queens and goddesses and "dames of high degree," who had so long haunted his imagination, were embodied in her single form.

Her very attire was a part of the spell, even though he could not have told why. Her dress was of some light, diaphanous stuff, very simply fashioned, its only ornament the jewelled clasp that fastened the belt. He did not know that it was of a rare and costly fabric, or that the soft laces that encircled her throat and wrists were, perhaps, worth as much in dollars and cents as Hepsibah's whole wardrobe. But he did know that it was airy and graceful, and infinitely more pleasing to his eyes than the alpacas and calicoes that were the ordinary wear of the Eaglescliffe women.

He turned at last with a long-drawn breath, and moving slowly across the hall to a bamboo settee near the parlor door, he threw himself upon it in a negligent attitude, while his quick, observant eyes wandered from point to point within the room. There was an India matting upon the floor, with a large rug in the middle, so thick and soft that it made Karl think of the dense mosses in the hemlock grove. There were lace curtains at the windows as fine and delicately-wrought as the spiders' webs that, wet with dew, lay upon the grass before sunrise, and vanished at a breath. There were two or three tables covered with books, and with marvellous things so quaint and beautiful that Karl leaned forward with red, parted lips for a nearer view. There were pictures on the walls—and, oh! that white wonder in the corner yonder, standing out in bold relief against the background of crimson drapery! Might he go a little nearer? Might he? Dared he?

When Mrs. Farleigh and Winny came downstairs, Karl was not in the hall. They glanced into the parlor. He was not there either.

"He is out somewhere about the grounds, probably," said the lady. "You may go and find him and bring him in; and then you shall have some fruit and a glass of milk after your long, hot walk."

Winny's eyes flashed a pleased assent from under the sunbonnet, and away she flew, while Mrs. Farleigh went into the parlor and resumed the book she had been reading when the children came.

Presently she was startled by a long-drawn

breath near her, a breath so deep that it could hardly be called a sigh. Listening in a sort of dismav, she heard it again, and this time so distinctly that she could tell from what quarter it proceeded. At the end of this room was a smaller apartment shut off from it by heavy crimson curtains, which parted in the middle. They were partially drawn to-day, but still only a very small part of the lesser room was visible from where she sat. The sound came from behind those curtains.

She was by no means a timid woman; but it must be confessed that for a moment she had an unpleasant consciousness that the servants were out and that she was alone in the house, save for the presence of this intruder that, whoever or whatever it might be, certainly had no business behind the drapery; and her color deepened a little as, after a trifling hesitation, she rose from her chair and swept back the curtain with a firm hand.

Her countenance changed and softened, and she stood silent and motionless for an instant, a slow smile stealing to her lip; then stepping quietly forward, she dropped the curtain behind her.

The long, narrow room seemed almost like a shrine. At one end of it, on a high, carved easel, stood an exquisite copy of the two central figures in the Sistine Madonna. On either side of the easel, silver sconces, fashioned like antique Egyptian lamps, were fastened to the wall, and held waxen candles. Behind it, in a vase or jar of dark Egyptian pottery, grew a luxuriant ivy, whose green arms clung closely to the dark wood of the easel, throwing out waving banners here and there, and wandering at its own sweet will.

There was no other picture in the room, which was furnished with severe simplicity; there were no pretty, graceful trifles, no bric-a-brac of any sort. It was as if nothing less sacred than the glorious Mother and Child might find admission to their holy place.

At a little distance from the picture, leaning forward in a bending attitude, with clasped hands, and lips parted and quivering, and blue, adoring eyes lifted to the face of the Virgin Mother, stood Karl, in a mood so rapt and intense that he neither saw nor heard Mrs. Farleigh. His new straw hat with its shining black ribbon, which he wore for the first time that day, had fallen unnoticed beside him, and he had trodden upon it unawares, crushing the crown beneath his advanced right foot.

His own face was a study, so full was it of awe, of reverent wonder, of hushed, and breathless expectation. He would have been surprised at nothing, startled at nothing. If the lips of the majestic Mother had moved, and a voice more ravishing than that of Israfel had issued from them; if the wondrous Child had turned upon him those grave, far-seeing, prophetic eyes, or waved the hand outstretched in blessing, I doubt if he would have changed color, or moved a hair's breadth. He would simply have accepted it as the natural order of things, not to be questioned or gainsaid.

Mrs. Farleigh watched him silently for several minutes, herself deeply moved and touched by

his utter absorption. Then she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Do you like the picture, my boy?" she asked, quietly.

His hands dropped, as a bow springs back when the cord snaps; and as the tension of the strained muscles gave way, he reeled, and would have fallen if Mrs. Farleigh had not put her arm around him and compelled him with gentle force to lean against her. The room grew dark, and the lovely Madonna slowly faded out of sight. His color came and went, his breast heaved and a quick, cold shiver ran through his frame.

Mrs. Farleigh held him at her side for a moment, wondering greatly. Pygmalion could hardly have been more astonished when his beautiful statue breathed, than was she at these evidences of sensibility on the part of this little country boy. She looked at him narrowly, noting the delicate, high-bred face, the pure, broad forehead, the soft hair clustering about it, the refined, sensitive mouth, the noble poise of the head, the deep blue of the unfathomable eyes. If she had known him as Hepsibah did, she would have seen that he was making a manly effort to keep back the tears that oppressed him almost to suffocation.

The struggle grew too hard for him. "Oh!" he cried, at last, covering his face with both hands. In a moment more, nature was stronger than his will, and he burst into a perfect passion of tears and sobs.

Mrs. Farleigh led him to the sofa, and seated herself beside him, waiting for the tempest to pass by. Meanwhile she stroked back the hair from his temples with soft, lingering touches, not forgetting to notice how the blue, branching veins spread their delicate network under the skin; and at length, moved by some impulse that seemed to her then and afterward quite unaccountable, she leaned over him and pressed her lips to his forehead.

Karl had thought, it is true, of all the queens and goddesses when he first saw Mrs. Farleigh. But he received this unexpected caress as simply and naturally as if he had been in the habit of being kissed every day of his life by Juno and the Queen of Sheba. He was altogether too artless and unsophisticated to be surprised at any condescension on Mrs. Farleigh's part, or to realize in the slightest degree that the difference in their social position rendered any kindness of hers exceptional. If his dear Aunt Hepsy kissed him, why should not Mrs. Farleigh?

So as he felt her caress, he only nestled more closely to her side, patting her white, jewelled hand with his brown fingers. Presently he looked up, his eye-lashes still wet with tears.

"Then you are not angry with me?" he said, in a half-whisper.

"Angry with you? No. Why should I be?"

"Because I went in there," nodding toward the inner room. "I didn't mean to. I was in the hall, you know," he went on, apologetically, "and I couldn't help seeing in here—and there were so many beautiful things—and I thought I might go a little nearer just to look at that Psyche in the corner."

"How did you know it was Psyche?" asked Mrs. Farleigh, quickly. "Did you ever see it before?"

"Oh, no! I never saw anything like that, or anything so beautiful, in all my life! But it has a butterfly's wings, and then there's the lamp, you know—and so I thought it must be Psyche. And when I got there," he went on, "I turned round, and the curtain was drawn a little way—and—I saw the picture!"

If he had said, "and the gates were opened, and I saw Heaven," he could hardly have spoken with more thrilling emphasis.

"I couldn't help going in," he said, simply, a minute after, drawing a long, deep breath.

"So you like pictures very much?" asked Mrs. Farleigh.

"I suppose so. I don't know. I like that," glancing toward the curtain.

"Do you know what it is?"

He hesitated a minute. "It can't be just a portrait of a common woman with a baby in her arms," he said. "Is it," and he lowered his voice reverentially, "is it Christ and his mother?"

"Yes," she answered. "The picture is a copy of two figures in one of the finest paintings in the world—Raphael's Sistine Madonna, as it is called. It is in the Dresden Gallery. You cannot judge at all from this what that is."

"Did you ever see it?"

"Oh, yes, many a time; and I watched the old man who made this copy for me all the while he was doing it."

"Where's Winny?" cried Karl, suddenly becoming conscious of mundane affairs again, and starting up.

"She went out in the grounds to find you twenty minutes ago. Suppose you were to go in search of her now?"

"May I—may I show her the picture before we go?" he asked, timidly.

"Certainly. And I promised her some fruit, too. So you had better go and hunt her up, for the sun is getting low."

They came in presently to find a little, low, round table in the porch, with fruit and cake in graceful wicker-baskets, and two silver goblets of milk. Karl ate and drank as one in a dream; but Winny's wide, dark eyes danced with delight as she leaned luxuriously back in a little cushioned chair, slowly peeling a banana, and occasionally taking a sip from the shining cup.

"I didn't know there were such beautiful times in the world," she said, with a little sigh, brushing the crumbs from her apron. "And who would have thought sponge-cake was so much better out of such a pretty basket!"

Mrs. Farleigh laughed, but did not answer, for just then Karl rose and reached for Winny's hand.

"Come!" he said, and led her behind the curtain, as if into the Holy of Holies. They stood before the picture breathless and silent for a moment, and then came out treading softly.

Winny received a message for her Aunt Phosy, bade Mrs. Farleigh good-evening, took up her basket and strolled off down the path to the gate,

Karl lingered a moment in the porch.

"May I come again to see it?" he asked, timidly, lifting his eyes to Mrs. Farleigh's face.

"Yes, just as often as you like," she answered. "Come to-morrow morning, and you shall see some other pictures, and a whole portfolio of beautiful photographs and engravings. Don't forget, now, for I shall be looking for you."

### CHAPTER XVIII.

**A**S if he were likely to! He flew down the path to Winny's side, and walked on silently. A strange quiet had settled upon both of them. It was too late to go home through Perry's Woods; and if it had not been, all thought of fishing had been crowded out. So they went as they came, through the winding lane. Karl was very silent and thoughtful, wondering mightily at this brief glimpse of a life so unlike anything he had ever seen; and yet vaguely, dimly conscious, child as he was, that he was somehow akin to all the beauty and grace and harmony. Winny's hand stole into his as the shadows grew deeper. She was ready to talk if he was, and glanced up into his face occasionally, watching for a change in his mood. But its thoughtful gravity compelled her to silence.

At length they reached the thorn-bush under which they had buried the ring. Winny stopped involuntarily, and Karl looked from the newly-disturbed earth to her in a sort of maze. He had felt so much, thought so much that afternoon! It seemed to him that days and days had passed since they made that atom of a hillock, and covered it decorously with a bit of sod. It had been just three hours.

A sudden thought struck Winny, and pushing back her sunbonnet until it hung round her neck by the strings, she looked at Karl with an air of surprise, while her color rose.

"Why, Karl Harvey!" she said, "I know all about it now!"

"All about what?"

"Why, all you mean when you talk about my being a tall and beautiful lady, and all that. I didn't know before."

"Didn't know what? I don't understand you, Winny. What do I mean?"

"Why—why—Mrs. Farleigh," she said, enigmatically. "Oh, I can't ever do it, Karl!"

"Can't do what?" he repeated. "I haven't asked you to do anything."

"Can't be it, either," she answered, leaning against the thorn-bush. "Why, I can't ever be like Mrs. Farleigh, don't you see? She was just-born so—and she has had everything—always."

Karl laughed now, looking down into the troubled, flushing face and touching it softly. Then he said gravely again, and with a hint of reverence in his manner: "I did not know any lady could be so beautiful as Mrs. Farleigh. But she was not born tall and beautiful any more than you were, Winny. She was just a little girl once. I do suppose you'll be pretty much like her, when you are grown up to be a lady."

"But I can't be a lady, Karl," she cried, in a

frightened voice. "Not such a lady as she is! Don't you see? I've got to work, and help Aunt Pheny—and I shall have to wear a calico frock 'most always, and fasten my belt with a common pin! And I can't have satin slippers, nor a beautiful, high-backed chair like a throne to sit in, nor wear lovely blue dresses with trains every day of my life, nor have white hands like hers with rings on 'em," she went on rapidly, her voice trembling and her eyes filling with sudden tears. "I suppose I shall just be nothing but a woman, Karl!"

A day or two ago, Karl's reply to this eager appeal would have been: "But I shall get you all these things. Lovely dresses, jewels, all things you can desire that are rich and grand, are within my easy reach, and I shall lay them at your feet." But he had grown older in some way, even in that one afternoon. He felt less sure of things than was common to him. Life seemed larger and more difficult to manage. In addition to this, Winny's words suggested even to his mind several hard questions. So in this dilemma he grew suddenly aware of the gathering darkness and of the need of hastening home.

"Oh, well!" he said, as he made haste to tie on the sunbonnet again, smoothing down the brown hair as he did so, "we won't worry about that now. It'll all come right. And, Winny, I'm thinking about something—something I never thought of before. I'll tell you some day. Now let's run!"

Hand in hand they dashed down the lane, and before they reached the three-cornered meadow, Karl's unwonted sobriety had been thrown to the winds. He flew into the house, his eyes a-light, his cheeks glowing, his whole figure instinct with buoyant life, eager to tell Hepsibah of all he had seen, of Mrs. Farleigh's kindness, and of the beautiful promise that the morrow held.

They sat for a long time in the twilight, she on the door-sill with her head leaning against the oaken casing; he on the step beneath her, with his head upon her knee, and his hand clasped in hers. She was so glad for him, so glad for whatever made him happy; for whatever might in any way broaden his life, or make it richer.

Yet perhaps it was not strange that deep down at the very bottom of her heart there lurked a little disquietude—a mere sting—of which she was half unconscious, and which was wholly unacknowledged. She knew of Mrs. Farleigh as a widow, comparatively young, childless, rich, and beautiful, who first came to the mountains near Eaglescliffe five summers ago, when her weeds were fresh, and had been so charmed with the quiet, yet picturesque region round about, that she had returned again and again. She knew that while the lady was never discourteous or rude, she yet held herself entirely aloof from the country people, seeming to regard them as beings of a different race, with whom she had nothing in common, and need have nothing to do save in the way of business. She had her own guests from abroad—circles of friends who often came and went, brightening the mountain gorges with their gay plumage, and awakening the echoes with song

and laughter. Dr. Mason, it is true, she recognized as an equal, and welcomed as a guest; and well she might, for his name was as well known in all literary and theological coteries as Antonio's was "on the Rialto." But no other Eaglescliffian had ever been invited to the cottage until now.

It did not seem strange to Hepsibah that Mrs. Farleigh appeared to have taken a fancy to Karl. On the contrary, it seemed perfectly right and proper and natural. She was very modest as to herself. But was she not well assured that her beloved Karl was made of finer clay than ordinary mortals? And why should not Mrs. Farleigh know it, too? Perhaps the vague uneasiness was only a silent answer to some inward suggestion. Through this opening portal might he not pass to regions where she could not follow?

But her young eaglet must find his wings, even if he should use them to fly away from her. And then she laughed in her quiet way over her own absurdity. Mrs. Farleigh had kindly offered to show Karl a portfolio of engravings—that was all. Surely to give even a second thought to the matter was making much ado about nothing!

Karl did not sleep much that night, for memory and anticipation clasped hands and sat by his pillow in aggravating fashion. When he came down in the morning, dressed in a fresh brown linen suit with a black ribbon tied under his collar, his cheek was paler than usual, but his eyes were bright with happiness.

"How early do you think I might go, Aunt Hepsy?" he asked, dallying with his breakfast.

"You 'might' go now," she answered, smiling. "But I don't advise it. I doubt if Mrs. Farleigh is in the habit of receiving guests one minute earlier than ten o'clock. I'd wait awhile, if I were you."

"Oh, might I carry her some of your *beautiful* sweet peas?" he cried, looking out of the window. "Just see! They look as if they were all alive this morning, nodding and dancing like so many butterflies! May I, Aunt Hepsy? Hers are not half so pretty."

Hepsibah gave willing assent, with a little feminine gladness at her heart that she had something besides Karl that might not be unacceptable to her more favored sister; and in the arrangement of his flowers the boy managed to busy himself until it was time to go.

It was the middle of the afternoon before he came back, bursting into the house like a miniature whirlwind, and throwing himself on the carpet at Hepsibah's feet.

"O Aunt Hepsy! Aunt Hepsy!" he cried, burying his face in her lap.

"What is it, dear?" smoothing back his damp hair. "Why, you are all in a tremor, Karl, and your hair is as wet! Why did you run so?"

"I was in such a hurry to tell you! O Aunt Hepsy, you don't know! You don't know!"

"No, and I'm not likely to know until you are quiet enough to tell me. Go and bathe your face, and get my big fan, and when you can breathe, I'll hear the story."

"Now for it," she said, a few minutes later. But the boy remained silent so long that she her-

self grew impatient. "Go on Karl," she repeated, "I am listening with both ears."

"I don't know where to begin," he answered, slowly. "Mrs. Farleigh seemed to be waiting for me when I got there, and I gave her the flowers, and she put them in a glass vase; and then we went into the room."

"What room?"

"Why, the room—where the picture was! Oh, Aunt Hepzibah, it is so beautiful it makes me cry, and takes my breath away!" he said, impetuously. "By and by we sat down before it, and she showed me an engraving of the whole large painting, and explained it to me."

"Well, and what then?" asked Hepsibah, for the boy had fallen into an absorbed reverie.

"Then," he said, "after awhile we went out into the parlor—she calls it the drawing-room," he explained; "and she showed me—oh! I didn't know there were so many beautiful pictures in this whole wide world, Aunt Hepzibah!" his eyes dilating. "Great portfolios full of photographs and engravings (she told me the difference between them)—and up-stairs there's another room with more paintings in it, and some of them seem so very, very old! Then, after I had looked at them till I was really tired—think of that, Aunt Hepzibah!—we went down-stairs again, and she asked me to tell her all about myself, and if I was born here, and how I happened to have such a name as Karl. And she asked me about you, too, and brother David."

Hepsibah's face flushed a little, but she only said, as she had said before: "And then?"

"And then she wanted to know what I was studying in school, and about the books I had read, and at last if I had ever learned to draw. And I said, 'No, ma'am, I never had, but that I

had made pictures a great many times just for fun,'" he went on, breathlessly. "And then she opened a big drawer and took out a sheet of thick paper, and sharpened some pencils, and asked me if I would do something to please her. She was going up to her own room for an hour, and while she was gone she wanted me to make a drawing of the Psyche in the corner, and let her see how well I could do it."

"And did you?" asked Hepsibah, greatly interested.

"Why, at first I trembled so I couldn't do anything; but after awhile I got over it, and forgot all about where I was, and about Mrs. Farleigh, and everything but what I was doing. By and by, while I was working away, she came up behind me and stood looking over my shoulder, and I never knew it! And oh, Aunt Hepzibah! when she made a little move, and I looked up into her face, there was such a pretty pink color in her cheeks, and her eyes were kind of surprised, and smiling, too, and she stooped right down and kissed me."

"But what did she say?" cried Hepsibah, eagerly. "Did she think the drawing was good?"

"She said it was so much better than she thought I could do, that she did not know what to say; and she asked me again if I really meant I had never had any instruction at all. And, Aunt Hepzibah, Aunt Hepzibah, she paints pictures sometimes herself, and if I may go to her for an hour every morning, she is going to teach me all she knows!"

Sobbing for very joy, the boy threw himself into Hepsibah's arms and buried his face in her bosom.

(To be continued.)

## Religious Reading.

### GIVE AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN UNTO YOU.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. JOHN GODDARD.

**I**n practical life, we sometimes fail to realize the Divine promises; if, for reasons which we cannot fathom, we fail to receive adequate material returns for our investment of Divine principles in this world, we never shall fail to receive the true heavenly riches. Sometimes the farmer sows good seed, in the right season, but the rain fails to come, and he fails in his harvest. But man never fails in his spiritual harvest, whether he sow grain or tares. He reaps as he sows. He reaps what he sows. For, in the spiritual field, man controls the skies as well as the earth. He brings the rain as well as the sunshine. He controls the frost as well as the dew.

I move my arm. A million particles of living substance lose their life by this motion, and the blood takes them up and carries them away. But a million more, and more than a million, come to take their place. And the arm is stronger than before. The muscles receive good measure,

pressed down, shaken together and running over. So with the brain. Good, honest, quiet, patient thought, especially if it be in the service of others, while it destroys the brain substance, builds it up again firmer than before. It becomes larger, harder, more finely organized, more capable of effective work.

Now the soul is in perfect correspondence with the body and the brain. As you give, you receive, with increase. Sow a selfish spirit, and you reap a more confirmed selfishness. Is it hard to-day to resist an evil impulse. It will be even harder tomorrow, and harder every day we live. If it is difficult to control one's temper at twenty, it will be more difficult at thirty, and almost impossible at forty or fifty. Sow the passions, and we shall reap an abundant harvest. Age may seem to weaken or destroy them, but they will live on in the soul, awaiting only a new body and new freedom to burst forth again with renewed vitality. We are not apt to think of this. We say of the dissolute young person, "He will settle down by and by." Yes, he may settle down, perhaps, and

he may overcome the evil. But the mere fact of settling down and living an orderly life in the external form, doesn't prove that he has conquered his enemy. The body, the physical part, is weakened, and demands rest. That may be all. But the inward, spiritual part, where the trouble originates, is not reformed. It only bides its time. It awaits its freedom, which will return in the next world, to give the man renewed trouble. The time to battle is when we are strong. The time to overcome temptation is when we are under temptation. And our chief weapon should be nothing less than a firm trust in the loving care and strong arm of the invisible, yet present God. Exercise hypocrisy, and hypocrisy grows. Sow a deceitful spirit, and honesty and genuineness recede farther and farther. Sow moral cowardice, and it will increase little by little, until it will render criminal practices easier than telling the truth. Sow vanity, and it grows like weeds, until there is no room for humility, the germ of all the heavenly graces.

Sow kindness, thoughtfulness for others, forgiveness, mercy, and the fruit will be a harvest of the same, with some thirty, with some sixty, with some an hundredfold, according to the earnestness of the effort.

But many of us feel, I doubt not, that the hardest thing in any right effort is to be earnest—to be patient. We feel the rebuke, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot." We know what lukewarmness means. Yet this earnestness is something which we can acquire, or else we should never have been rebuked in this way. The text itself implies the possibility of it. Give, and it shall be given to you. This is an imperative command, and it implies determined, earnest, forcible action. We may have heard of the sick woman who had been bedridden for years, under the mental impression that exertion was utterly impossible. But having been told that the house was on fire, she found no difficulty in finding her way to a supposed place of safety. Our lukewarmness is very much like this. It has grown upon us by indulgence. We have sown indifference, and it has grown upon us. We have sown idleness, and it has increased, until it seems like a mountain. But it can be thrown off even now. That mountain can be cast into the sea, if we will say, from our hearts, "Be thou removed." Nothing is impossible to him who puts forth his strength, in

acknowledgment of a Divine power, and a spiritual destiny. Let the mind turn from getting, to giving, from self, to others, from enjoyment, to work, and strength will begin to flow in. Give full measure, not half a measure. Give all we can, in any way, and we shall soon find out that the law of giving is the law of growth, the law of happiness the law of peace.

### GOOD IN ALL THINGS.

BY MRS. E. M. CONKLIN.

**W**HY should we go mourning  
When God is so good?  
When life is so blessed,  
If well understood!  
Why grieve when the shadows  
Our way overcast,  
As if the short darkness  
Forever would last?

The cloud makes the sunshine  
But brighter again;  
The flowers are sweetest  
Just after the rain;  
And spring is more bounteous  
Of blossom and song,  
Where winter's chill covering  
Lay deeply and long.

For pain has its mission,  
As truly as joy;  
Life's gold to bear using,  
Must have an alloy!  
And if but used rightly,  
Its cares manifold  
Will shine out, transmuted  
From lead into gold!

But if we are selfish,  
Distraught, discontent;  
And if all life's lessons  
In vain have been sent;  
However in gathering  
Earth's treasures we sped,  
Our souls will be weary,  
Our gold will be lead!

## Mother's Department.

### PRAISING CHILDREN.

**I**T is sometimes difficult to determine which is most injurious to a child, over-praise or lack of just appreciation and a proper acknowledgment of its qualities and conduct. There are both children and people who become conceited and self-admiring, if they are but slightly commended; while others with small self-confidence require constant encouragement to keep their efforts alive.

There are other children, whose love of praise (and not infrequently it springs from a noble and generous desire to give pleasure to those for whom they feel an affection,) will induce them to make very injudicious if not injurious efforts to accomplish their little tasks. There is a strong subtle power in praise, that all the world feels and to which a child is especially sensitive. Its first self-consciousness is one of incapacity for the world's work and an inability to protect itself. If it be a courageous child and one with the usual amount of human vanity, it is certain to overtax its physical forces, just as soon as it discovers that it possesses any, and the pleasure of the mother and her consequent expression of delight often lead to distressing bone curvatures.

After the mischief has been done it is far easier for mental obliquities, that are brought on by an overstrain of the faculties, to follow the disorganization of the body. It is often said of a precocious child that its mind has overbalanced its frame, and that it is in danger of early decease. Now, very likely it is the body which has been too much burdened, and the nervous system, including the brain, has become too sensitive and too susceptible of impressions.

All persons who understand the subject of disturbances of the body, and the reflex action of bodily disease upon the mind, are aware of the exaltation of intellect that is too often an accompaniment or consequence of this physical excitement. Sometimes it is catalepsy, when the child has an almost supernatural perception and intelligence, not infrequently leading ignorant people to suppose that the poor little creature is endowed with unearthly powers.

To understand the temperament and tendencies of her child should be the mother's first care. Everything of usual interest should be laid aside for this one purpose, until she feels sure that she knows just what is the most judicious line of conduct for her to pursue. It is often a matter of surprise that two children in one family should be widely diverse in character.

One is good and the other is not. Nobody is astonished at the physical distinctions, which are considered as only natural consequences. Of course these physical differences invariably produce different mental qualities and tendencies, and yet the same line of conduct, and exactly the same intellectual and moral training, are adopted for all the varieties of little people that come into our family. Now it would be just as sensible for our law-makers to direct that all singers should be tenors or sopranos, all artists should paint landscapes, and all students acquire Sanscrit.

Praise or encouragement of some sort is the motive power which impels the development or accelerates it at a ruinous rate of speed. There are children who are so properly balanced that they generally go on in the right way, only now and then diverging a little; but they are uncommon human products, and not at all like the average children of men.

The small genius, who early manifests extraordinary qualities or faculties, is invariably a disagreeable infant, and very difficult of management. It is one of

those favorites of Fortune and princes of Nature to whom Emerson says no rules apply, and of whom no regular duties or attainments should be demanded. It is doubtless immodest, if not egotistic, to disagree with the Concord philosopher, but then we do so all the same. Genius may have brightened the world, but we doubt if it has bettered it. The same may be said of a calcium light.

Little people with quick mental capabilities are very likely to become brain-weary before they grow to maturity, and disappoint the high hopes of their friends, and it is only in an exceptional case that a precocious child reaches a brilliant manhood or womanhood. Too much praise develops their vanity, and they go to ruin, or else it raises their ambition to such a white heat that they die in the over-glow. Not less injurious is a lack of encouragement. No hope in a child's heart means no self-respect, and the evil is almost always fatal to character. All this advice may be summed up in the sentence: Be generous and be just, and don't exaggerate generosity or overstrain justice.

## Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

### THE MUD-WASP.

**R**EV. KINGSTON GOODARD, writing in the *Church Union* on the "Lessons of Nature," gives the following very interesting account of an insect familiar to all dwellers in the country. He says:

"To-day we are going to speak about a little insect that you have often seen, and it may be *felt*—we mean the dauber or mud-wasp. It is remarkable for the elegance of its form and quickness of its motions. On all the bright days of summer you may see it on low, muddy spots, never still, but actually moving about until its blue steel-like color glitters in a hundred varied attitudes. It is then securing the material with which to build its nest. This nest it is which displays his sagacity and skill. Every country boy is familiar with them. Every farmer must have noticed them. They are universally placed on the underside of the eaves of houses and barns, under the shelter of sills, or on any place that affords protection from the rain and storm. In appearance, they look like lumps of hard, yellow clay, just such as a boy might roll up and throw against the ceiling of a house. But if you carefully take one such mud-nest down and examine it, you will be surprised to find that you have before you one of the most ingenious and wonderful specimens of insect ingenuity and mechanical skill. It is actually a home for the infant wasp. Shut up as closely and safely from all injury from outside enemies, as a bank is with its locks and bolts from burglars. Inside there is not only a nice bed prepared for the young one when it comes out of the egg, but food stored away for it to eat when it is first hatched—food, too, more skillfully prepared and preserved than the confectioner preserves fruits or the caterer meats in tin cans. If you open one of these during the latter part of summer, you will find a number of beautifully-formed cells of about a half an inch long, as polished and smooth inside as are the hard-finished walls of our houses. In each cell is a little egg enclosed in a soft, silk-like web, as nicely and snugly packed away as is a new-born baby in its soft flannel swaddling clothes. Right next to this egg will be found two or three green spiders. Only think of a mother-wasp putting spiders, live spiders—for they are not dead—in the same room and close by the egg of the baby-wasp. Really, it would seem like madness to do so. A mother would be thought to be crazy, or something worse, who would shut a wolf up in the nursery with a little baby. Yet spiders are the foes of insects,

They spin their webs to catch them, and they live and fatten on insects. Yet, just as surely as that you open one of these little mud nests at this time of the year, just so sure will you find these living spiders laid next to the egg. I say that these spiders are living. If you take them out on your hand, you will find that they are alive. Still they don't run away. They act as if they were half-asleep, half-drunk. They are alive, and yet they seem stupid. This is one of the most wonderful things about this little insect. When the wasp catches the spider it stings it; but it does not intend to kill it. It only stings it enough to benumb it, and put it asleep. If it killed the spider, it would dry up after it was put into the nest, and be good for nothing. If it only benumbed it for a little while, it might wake up and eat the wasp's egg. Instead of this, it remains stupid and still, until in the fall of the year the egg hatches into a worm, and this worm must, like all worms, have something to eat. It finds its food already prepared. There are close by it the sleeping spiders. At once it begins on the first one, and eats him by degrees all up. When that is done, he finds a second one just like the first. He begins then at it, just as the steward or cook of a ship after the crew has eaten one barrel of pork opens the next one. Only that the worm's meat is always fresh and nice, somewhat like the fresh beef that they keep so long in ice-cars. After all the spiders are eaten up, the worm, now fully grown and fat, lies still for awhile, and goes to sleep after he has covered himself all over with a thin brown skin. In this he lies all winter. So that if you break open one of these mud nests in December, you will find a little yellow grub, as fat as a pig at Christmas time, asleep in its brown skin-covering. You may look closely, still you will not find a solitary particle of spider left, nor a hole as large as a pin out of which it could creep. They are all eaten up, and that, too, in the dark, just as the greedy school-boy ate up his gingerbread at night under his bed-clothes, lest his companions should ask for some of it.

"Now, again, if in the spring, when the weather begins to be warmer, you watch the clay nest, you will find seated on it a full-fledged wasp, drying its wings in the sun preparatory to taking its flight, and beginning a new life, finding honey in flowers, and means for building its home in mud and clay. If you watch until it flies off, you will there see that with its strong mandrills it has gnawed its way out, and left a little hole in the clay nest that for a time was a tomb, and then the dining-room of a voracious gourmand worm.

It would be flying around long before its mother even knew it was out.

"Now I dare say you have wondered, as you have looked at this graceful wasp, shining in its dark-blue skin like an old crusader in his steel armor, how on earth it could keep itself so clean. Again, I am going to tell you something about this earth-dauber, as he is called, that shows the wonderful provision and care of God for His most insignificant creatures.

"When you boys go out and play in the mud, dear me, what a time there is to get you clean. First, the waiter-boy takes the whisp and brushes at your clothes until all the dried mud is swept away. Then, with the shoe-brushes, he first cleans your shoes of mud, and then with another brush, and a vast amount of spit, he polishes them all black again. Now the mud-dauber would be a fearfully dirty fellow were he not to be brushed. The idea of a wasp with a brush! Yet I tell you it is so. His wings are all covered on one side with short bristles that stand as nicely set up as the bristles of a brush; with these he cleans himself, brushing the clay off his legs and body until he shines like a Broadway dandy. So you see here is a little black insect that is as good a mechanic as Herring, who makes bank-safes; as good a mother as the best; as skillful a provider as any, preserving fruits and meats; as clean as a well-dressed gentleman; and who carries, in spite of the police, a concealed deadly weapon that you had better take care he don't stick into you."

THE acknowledgment of a fault is often more effectual than any deed of atonement; and confession is speedily followed by forgiveness. Words, which are as the little second-hand of life, are often of more consequence than deeds, which come round seldom, like the hour-hand. And in the artificial relations of cultivated people actions can never atone for language.

### LITTLE CROCUS.

BY S. JENNIE JONES.

P RETTY little Crocus,  
Out in the frost!  
Pretty little Crocus,  
All her beauty lost!

Pretty little Crocus,  
All too early out!  
Listen, and I'll tell you  
How it came about.

Bright the sun was shining,  
And the birds called, "Sweet!"  
From the leafless treetops,  
Singing, all unmet,  
Of the grass and flowers,  
Of the spring-time cheer,  
And the little Crocus  
Waking, chanced to hear.

Soft her mother whispered:  
"Little one, be still!  
Winter yet is reigning  
Over vale and hill.  
Winter days of sunshine  
Summer do not bring;  
And a few short bird-songs  
Cannot make a spring."

Foolish little Crocus  
Answered with a pout:  
"Some may love the darkness,  
But I'm going out."  
Foolish little Crocus,  
With her crown of gold!  
Up she came, and perished  
Next night in the cold.

## The Home Circle.

### POTTSVILLE PAPERS.

BY PIPSISSIWAY POTTS.

No. 7.

**W**E had been discussing the plan of lending books, and magazines, and papers, as proposed by Mrs. Ireland in the HOME; and after the subject had been talked over and over, not one of us could quite take the very kind and liberal view of it as did the generous-hearted lady.

Sister Bodkin says that although Mrs. Barton, the woman just across lots, was very fond of reading, and was very appreciative, and enjoyed good books, she would deny herself reading matter the whole year round rather than give up a nice cloak or dress. She was willing to do it; and though she would look lovingly upon a new book, and her eyes would brighten and her face glow with enthusiasm, she would sigh and turn away, and prefer an article of dress instead.

Now surely the kind benefactress above named would not loan her books to a woman like this—one who was so frivolous as to prefer new and stylish clothing instead of the substantial food her intellect craved. I wouldn't do it; I wouldn't pamper any such a woman.

There were three or four of us together that afternoon that Lanky Harper's wife took the express train at two o'clock for Omaha, and we got to talking on this subject in Sue Harper's parlor, and I suppose our friend was fifty miles on her journey before we thought how the time was passing. There was Ruth Lennox—she is the reading-woman of Pottsville—and she agreed with us that it was not charity to loan books to such a

woman. She said there was another class from whom she withheld her books, and that meant the women who abuse books by doubling down the corners of the leaves, laying them down flat on the open pages, using them to hold up a window-sash, or to cover up a cup of tea, to amuse the baby, to use as weights, or to tear out the white leaves when in a hurry for a bit of blank paper.

I said any man, woman or child was welcome to any of our books if they took good care of them, and kept them clean, and returned them sometime; but, so far, we did not know more than half-dozen people who would do this.

Oh, how hungry some poor boys and girls are for books! I wish one could read this craving in faces—that it was something very easily recognized; for how gladly would the soul-hunger be appeased by those who take delight in ministering to this cruellest of needs.

While we sat there, Linda Bell, Cal. Bell's daughter, went wriggling up street, twisting her head this way and that, in such a bold, unnatural way, that Ruth Lennox said angrily: "If my Dot ever gets to be so silly as that, I'll send her away to a convent to learn good manners, see if I don't."

Then the conversation turned into the girl-of-the-period question; and you all know how women will talk when they get fired up on any theme; and when all was said that we had to say, it amounted to—nothing much. We concluded that girls in general were about as good girls as their mothers had been; that so much moralizing on the subject would do no good; if girls were bad and silly, it was because they had bad blood in their veins; that the parents and the ancestors had not transmitted to them clean, pure, moral, whole-

some blood. There was a taint somewhere, away back, and this or that daughter, or granddaughter, or great-granddaughter, was marked with the ban. If a girl in her teens has not been taught by home-influences that she is bold, or silly, or frivolous, instead of pure, and tender, and noble womanhood, the intelligence of this fact may be a long time reaching her. There should be a wordless teaching at home that would mould the sweet nature of every young girl into a beautiful and gracious womanhood. First of all, mothers are wanted, God-fearing, honorable, noble women, with a heritage of good common sense. The love of such a mother is the great help to the girl; that most wonderful of all human forces, mother-love, can control the nature of her woman-child. No mother wishing to mould her daughters into a high type of womanhood, should set about the work by adopting any general rule. Blood must be taken into account. The restrictions that would make a saint of a cold-blooded, unimaginative girl, would drive her sister, a nervous, passionate, impressionable creature, into ruin. No general rule will apply in these cases, and no system will enable snobbish, ill-bred, ignorant mothers to make gentlewomen of their daughters.

We often see a simple, quiet modesty that wins our approbation, and commands respect even from the coarsest men, in the sweet-faced huckster girl, or the clerk or shop-woman, who seems to be guarded by an invisible power and set apart from the rough influences that seem to surround her. And we women concluded that mothers alone were the most responsible, and that with fair opportunities and good blood in their favor, the daughters of Christian mothers who were women of good, hard sense, stood the chances of becoming the women that the world needed sorest. No matter if the mothers were ignorant women in the wisdom gleaned from books, so they had the attributes required to make sensible Christian mothers.

I saw something last evening that gave me great pleasure. The girls were at our nearest city yesterday, and were to come home on the evening express, half an hour after dark. I went down to the depot to meet them. A good many people went from Pottsville to the city, and their friends were waiting for them. While we stood there on the platform, old Granny Fisher came toddling down the steep bank, stepping only three or four inches at a step. She had on a short, scant dress, a long, blue calico apron, and a woollen shawl over her head, and I do believe I never saw her looking half so ugly. She clambered down the bank like a fat coon, and though more than a dozen men stood near her, not one of them reached out a helping hand. Pretty soon Dicky Lanning, the best scholar in the academy, happened to turn round and see her, and that instant, like a well-bred gentleman, he hurried up the bank and gave her his hand as gallantly and politely as though she had been a handsome young girl. My heart warmed toward the boy as I watched him assist her tottering steps down the bank, and heard his kind voice call her "grandmother."

I have often wondered why young men are so prompt and polite and ready to assist handsome girls, while they will let the old mothers and grandmothers of those same pretty girls feel their way tremblingly down any icy pathway, or over a mudhole, and never see them at all. There is a want of genuine politeness in the nature of such young men; they don't know that it would pay better to show courteous attention to the mothers, and grandmothers, and the homely old auntsies.

Do you women remember that I wrote in the "Deacon's Household," or, maybe, the "Windows," perhaps three years ago, about our brother coming home from California after an absence of ten years? how glad we all were to see the dear little fellow, looking not a day older? what presents he brought us? and that he mar-

VOL. XLIV.—28.

ried his faithful little choice before he went back? Yes, you remember of our brother Rube going to the quiet wedding, and how funny it was to hear him tell how the bride was dressed. Well, the brother went back to California, stayed a year and then returned, and will not go again until he takes his wife with him.

I cannot keep it any longer, and I want to tell you that they have a baby a year old; in the eyes of the Pottses the most marvellous little man-child they ever saw. His mother was the last baby in the old home, so you can guess the price they set upon this wonderful child. He never cries, he goes to bed as sedate as any old man, and rises long before breakfast is ready, and then takes his seat at the family board in Aunt Ida's little table chair, and very contentedly bends down over his cup of bread and milk and partakes of a hearty breakfast. Then he walks off to the sitting-room and gathers his playthings all on the rug beside his old grandpa's rocking-chair, and while the veteran of fourscore reads Centennial news, the young man toots his horn, rings his bell, plays on his mouth-organ, buckles and unbuckles his strap, and sits with his playthings about him like an old cobbler pegging away at his trade.

He likes to see girls dressed up pretty, so Ida and Lily wear jewelry, and ribbons, and adornments that attract his attention whenever they go to see him.

The last time we were there, the little dear seemed to feast on the pretty things the girls wore. He admired them greatly. He sat on my knee and leaned forward and his beautiful blue eyes grew darker and brighter, and full of joyful curiosity, as he surveyed them and sighed.

"I said: "Young man, have you no kind of entertainment to offer? even humble banjo music would do;" and I bared his fat, brown knees and made his own puffy little palms pat on them, keeping time. The girls enjoyed the fun immensely, but he was so modest at being brought into notice publicly, that he closed his eyes and twisted his head round sidewise and hid his face in my bosom. He loves everybody, and will cuddle down against the jacket of a ragged, homeless tramp as freely as in his father's arms.

Oh, these dear little babies, how lovely and lovable they are! I often think of the sweet lines:

"For a woman's crown of glory,  
Is a sinless little child."

I learned a lesson from Lily the other day that I will not forget very soon. The deacon came to the house about an hour before sunset and said: "The boys are out on the hill, and they will both be here for supper this evening."

Girls and I were startled, because there wasn't anything prepared except for the merest meal; nothing more. I had set apart the day to write steadily; Ida said in the morning that the job of sewing must be done before nightfall, and Lily had taken the day to rip and sort a lot of worn clothing, some for aprons, some rugs, some carpet-rags, and the best for second-rate linings for summer-time wrappers.

I piped out that I did wish folks would sound a note of warning before they came down like a wolf on the fold.

Lily said it was the easiest thing in the world to feed a man at the table, and make him think the meal was "most excellent," when there was hardly anything to eat, and she asked as a favor that we would stay out of the kitchen and give her an opportunity to make the best of the occasion.

We heard her tiptoeing about lightly, here and there, heard the clinking of glass and china, and when the men came in to tea the first words Rube said were: "Oh, my! we're going to have such a good supper!" Ida and I laughed slyly at each other, and thought Lily knew more about poor human nature than we did.

The table did look very pretty. It sparkled with

glass and the best ware we had, the whitest cloth was laid, and flowers adorned it, while the food all told, was bread and butter and cheese, dried beef, honey, crackers, cake and tea.

Father had been chopping out on the hill, and the boys gunning since noon, and they were all hungry, and, no doubt, would have relished something more substantial, but we all talked, and laughed, and said funny things, and the boys thought they had a number one supper and a good time at the deacon's.

There is a great deal of intrigue in setting a table to look pretty, and if we women practice it every day, I don't know that anybody will be a very heavy loser.

### OUR PARLOR.

**W**ILL you walk into our parlor? We can't promise it to be "the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy," but we think it a cosey one, and you are welcome to a peep.

Its dimensions aren't remarkable, 12 x 16 being the mystic emblem denoting the room upon the plan. The carpet is a pretty ingrain, with medallions of green and scarlet; soft wood-browns and buffs abound on the side we have turned out this winter. The paper has broad stripes of satin-white and pale lavender, and the border—but no one ever sees the border by reason of its being hidden by a magnificent English ivy, whose rich, dark leaves form cornice all around the room, save in the place over the piano, where the ends lack about two feet of meeting. We think they will meet and begin another tour around the room before we put it out on the piazza again next summer.

Our parlor has three windows, and a like number of doors. The east window looks out over the piazza, the terrace and the flower-garden, and gives us a charming view of a bit of Lake Champlain, framed in by trees and with a background of mountains. It is given up to the low reading-chair, where one may

"Sit and rock their blues away,  
And lose their woes in books."

(Shades of Isaac, forgive me!)

Close by is the table, covered with a scarlet-and-white spread, and holding a white-and-gold tray of curious shells, and several favorite volumes.

The south window looks upon the road—yes, I think I may say that with no violation of syntax, as the window alone looks out, when, as now, the plant-stand is before it. This plant-stand is a copious and a green-painted one, and holdeth many treasures in the eyes of its guardian genius—mater, the florist of the family. A superb pink begonia crowns the top shelf, and the choicest of our seven varieties of fuchsia, "Lady Washington," "cloth of gold," "rose," "pansy," "sweet-scented" and "silver-leaf" or "mountain-of-snow" geraniums, two monthly roses, "Countess of Ellesmere" petunia, a beautiful stranger with a remarkably forgettable name, a large and almost ever-blooming heliotrope, a white oxalis, English and carnation pinks, white and scarlet verbenas, and a curiously-marked partridge-breast aloe, fill the lower shelves. On one side of the plant-stand is the large pot which holds the English ivy, or rather its roots, and on the other is the tub (half a nail-keg, gentle reader, painted a dull red, with black hoops,) holding the ivy geranium, which twines its luxuriant and quaintly-fringed foliage up the window-frame and around the merry face of the dainty darling "Writing to Papa."

You will find plenty of chromos in our parlor, and not one without flowers in it. From the charming "Winter In-doors and Out," and the exquisite "Easter Croas," to the "Moss-rose Buds" and "Autumn Leaves," you see everywhere traces of the genius who helps make our home pleasant. Our pictures are all framed in dark rustic moulding, with a line of gold inside, and each one has just above it a cluster of bright autumn leaves, and in the corner by the little reading-chair, is a cross of the same, with ferns above and

below it. These leaves were gathered as soon as they fell from the trees, pressed, ironed with a flat-iron on which spermaceti had been rubbed, pressed again, and when the least possible amount of the troublesome curling propensity was left in them, used for the further brightening of our parlor. The little green lambrequined bracket under the winsome "Queen of May," among her daisies and lilacs, holds a small photograph framed in the tiniest and brightest of scarlet maple leaves.

Between the west window and the sweet-toned "Colibri"—well-beloved by the musical daughter—is a low stand with the passion-vine we are anxiously expecting to blossom, twining up over the little green shelf—which holds a tiny red begonia, just putting out its red-coral blossoms—and running along with the ivy till it fills up the gap in our green-growing cornel. A pink oxalis in a white bowl throws out its long, slender flower-stems, with the delicate blossom-cups and the real Irish shamrock leaves, as thriftily as when it ornamented a gate-post last summer. The dwarf calia, in a white urn really classic in shape, which once did duty as a soup-tureen, finishes the window's furnishing. But, no—"tis rank ingratitude to forget the hanging-basket, made of an unpretending ox-muzzle, lined with moss, and made beautiful exceedingly by the pale green foliage of a German ivy, the wax-like arrow-leaves of a Wandering Jew and the exquisitely-scalloped leaves and tiny, pale flowers of a Kenilworth ivy. The east window, too, is beautified by a hanging-basket of terra-cotta, made in exact imitation of a rough knot of wood, holding a star-leaved oxalis, and half-hidden by a fringe of the daintily-cut leaves and bright blue flowers of the lobelia.

The room is warmed by a coal-stove in the sitting-room adjoining. The shades are just tinted with green, and the piano-spread is scarlet, with bars of bright colors, selected because of its oddness, and irresistibly suggesting a pattern for a rug carpet. An ottoman, made of richly-veined ash and black walnut, and cushioned with green rep, stands by the piano, for the reception of music in its hollow recess.

Sometime, when our ship comes in, we're going to turn the south window and door into a bay-window, and 'tis safe to say there'll not be such another in all the country round. But methinks I see a shade of growing alarm in the worthy editor's eye, as he brandishes the scissors warily, so *Voila tout.*

### CALLA.

**D**EAR LICHEN: I have long wanted to have a talk with you, and thank you for the many rays you impart to us who are similarly situated. For I, too, am a window-watcher; unable to walk abroad in the beautiful sunshine, or attend God's house to worship with His people. You can therefore judge how eagerly I try to catch a passing sunbeam. Sometimes I am led to ask, Why am I thus laid aside not only from my temporal duties, but also from all the privileges of God's believing people, as well as from the various opportunities of promoting His kingdom. I felt this very keenly when first laid aside; it having been my privilege to attend the worship of the sanctuary regularly, and greatly enjoyed its service and song. And yet, we have the best and greatest blessing left us—the presence of God. This is confined to no time or place. He is ever near us and with us, to comfort and sustain us, in all our sufferings, and will not lay upon us more than we are able to bear; though we do not see the reason now, we shall know hereafter. Let us then, trust Him in all seasons, either of joy or pain; striving to live as epistles of Christ, read and known of all men, so that when He shall appear we also shall appear with Him in glory.

"Though faith and hope are often tried,  
I ask not, need not, aught beside,  
So safe, so calm, so satisfied  
The soul that clings to Thee."

GERTRUDE.

## The Great Centennial Exhibition.

### OUR FIRST VISIT.

THE Centennial Exhibition is at last thrown open to the public, though at this writing nothing in either grounds or buildings has arrived at that state of completeness and perfection of arrangement, for which it will be wise for those whose means or opportunities debar them from making numerous visits, to wait a few weeks before coming to the great International Fair. On our first visit, a few days after the grand opening, workmen were busy everywhere. Packing-boxes filled the passage-ways, and the sound of the hammer was heard on all sides. The grounds gave promise only of future beauty, while hundreds of laborers were still busy, sodding, leveling, road-making and setting out flowers and trees.

Punctually as the clock upon Machinery Hall struck the hour of nine, the officials took their stations, and the sight-seeing for the day began. Lingering without for a little time, we heard a magnificent chime of bells upon the same hall peal out various pleasing melodies.

The centre of the Main Building is especially rich in the display of jewelry, silverware, china, porcelain, wedgwood and majolica. There is no time to examine anything attentively in this first visit; but we give a passing glance at these beautiful things. The decorated china and porcelain will attract attention. The tea and dinner services are most exquisite in design, while their decorations are artistic in the highest sense of the word. How can we give our readers an approximate idea of the beauty of those delicate tea-cups and saucers, seemingly so fragile that one would think a breath might almost break them, of forms whose every outline and curve is perfect, and decorated by the artist's hand with sprays of flowers, leaves, ferns, birds or insects, in colors almost rivalling those of nature? How can we describe the countless varieties of vases, urns, pitchers, etc., of every size, and each one alone deserving a descriptive article by itself? If this exhibition lasts long enough, we will take an entire day to revel among this china and porcelain, and tell our readers all about it. Now we reluctantly turn away, with only a confused idea of beautiful forms and colors in our mind, and an intense longing to remain.

We hear the big organ, and decide to draw nearer, that we may miss none of its strains. We make our way slowly towards it, now and then stopping to examine some group of objects which will not be so hastily passed. Before we quite reach the locality of the organ, however, we come to the place from whence the music proceeds. It is not the big organ, after all, but an automatic organ, turned by a crank, which is crashing and roaring, and pouring out a very torrent of harmony. Just imagine our being so imposed upon by a mere hand-organ! We will venture to say, however, if these ever become common upon our streets, there will be a great revulsion in the public feelings in regard to street music. This automatic organ is of the size and appearance of a large-sized parlor organ. We would have gathered particulars concerning it, but the department to which it belonged was still in a state of confusion, and there was no one to tell us anything about it.

Sauntering back and forth through the Main Building, our general direction being toward the east, or, rather, south-east, we look at beautiful fabrics, the products of the looms of various countries; we see gorgeous costumes, fit for the receptions of a queen; we do more than glance at a magnificent set of dining-room furniture in carved wood. But we stop longest to look at designs, drawings and maps from certain

schools in Switzerland, which shall have an article of description all to themselves some day.

We reach the Brazilian Department. There are displays of furniture and fabrics; of leather, and of articles made from leather. There are bonnets of South American production; and there are hammocks beautiful in appearance, and always tempting to either a tired or a lazy person. But we are drawn away from the contemplation of all these by the impatient call of our companion, who has discovered something of far more interest to both of us. On the other side of the passage-way, and in the same department, is a magnificent collection of Brazilian insects, consisting of numerous glass cases filled with insects of every size, shape and color. There is a wicked-looking prionus, four inches in length, measuring to the tips of his formidable mandibles. There is an acrocinus, whose forelegs span twelve inches. And from these giants of the insect race, we have all gradations in size down to specimens so minute that they can only be examined by the aid of the microscope. There are black beetles, and brown beetles, and beetles green and bronze and blue and purple, bright as gems. More than this, they are made to serve the purpose of gems; for, in a handsome show case, they are displayed set in gold, as brooches, ear-rings and sleeve-buttons. There can be nothing prettier than this beetle jewelry, it is so unique in appearance. Though these beetles lack the transparency, they possess all the brilliancy and delicacy of coloring of the most beautiful gems. In this same show case are displayed smaller cases of butterflies and moths, some specimens being similar to those in the United States, but others of a size and beauty unknown among us. Two large butterflies, one of them white, of satin-like brilliancy, and the other the most brilliant light blue, will be the first to attract attention.

Quite as much as the beetle jewelry, a large collection of feather flowers will challenge admiration. They are delicate and brilliant beyond description, far surpassing anything that can be produced by art in either muslin or wax. When to these feather flowers is added, as is frequently done, a single beetle, or a cluster, like a cluster of gems, the effect transcends anything we have ever seen before. Then there are fans of feathers, beetles and birds combined, which are befitting the toilet of an empress. The most whimsical conceit in this collection of beautiful whimsicalities, is a pair of sleeve-buttons made of the heads and shoulders of tiny humming-birds, green and brown in tint. There is also a single specimen of a hummingbird's nest, a long, pocket-like affair.

The next articles which are thought worthy of record in our note-book, are some specimens of papier mache from the Netherlands. The screens and salvers were especially rich in artistic beauty. They are painted in the finest manner. Two of them, whether screens or salvers we cannot now recall, especially struck our attention. One represented a view of Venice by moonlight, and the other an interior by daylight. The inlaid pearl produced an enchantingly perfect moonlight effect in the former, while the same kind of inlaid work in the latter, in brilliant colors, represented in all the brightness of nature, the light of a sunset sun falling through the lattice on wall and floor.

Somewhere in this same locality we saw magnificent specimens of tapestry, all hand-made. Pictures, perfect copies of world-famed originals, were represented by the needle and infinite varieties of shaded worsted, with all the perfection of tone and color of the original paintings. One, a life-size copy of a painting by Van Dyck, was a marvel of excellence. These specimens of veritable women's labor put to shame some of the

worsted abominations upon exhibition in the Woman's Pavilion.

Next, the laces from Belgium demand us to pause and give more than the glance we are bestowing upon most of the departments. Here are Brussels, point, honiton and cushion lace, in fairy-like designs, and of the most delicate workmanship, wrought into collars, capes, scarfs, flounces, shawls, and everything that fashion can demand or the feminine heart imagine in lace, both black and white, and of a beauty and value which royalty itself would not disdain to wear.

We have not room to tell of the fine display of American publishers, nor of the fabrics of American looms. We glanced at carpets, oil-cloths, calicoes, silks and muslins, in a kind of dazed way, feeling that it was impossible to comprehend and appreciate the beauties and excellencies of these, with only three minutes, say, to give to each department. We have an indistinct recollection of stopping to look at specimens of the costumer's art, at tapestries, at lace curtains, and at terra cotta ware. We do recall a wonderful specimen of embroidered silk. It was a dress of lilac silk, trimmed with what seemed to be the most beautiful of lace of the same tint of the dress. But closer inspection revealed the fact that what seemed to be the most perfect lace was in reality embroidery upon the silk itself. As a curiosity, it was something wonderful. Of its utility we have some doubts, since this silk embroidery, when once it gets soiled, cannot be renovated, and preserved for generations, as real lace is.

We leave the Main Building, still half, or rather more than half, unexplored, and proceed at once to the Art Gallery, known as Memorial Hall. We are not going to stop to look at the pictures. Oh, no. We only intend to take a hurried glance through the building, just to judge of the display, and leave the actual looking to another day. But somehow the time passes away most mysteriously in this building; since there are some pictures here which will not be put off with any promises for the future, but demand immediate attention. Let the visitor decide to give at least a day here. When we paid our visit, the exhibition was still imperfect, and workmen were everywhere still busy in unboxing statuary and pictures, and putting them in their destined places. Things were even worse in the addition to the Art Gallery, which is devoted principally to statuary. Nevertheless, there was so much to be seen here that we spent much precious time. We do not give any passing notice of the pictures and statuary, for they require and shall receive a separate article.

Picking our way through muddy, unmade roads, we go to Horticultural Hall, stopping on the route to visit the Rhododendron House, still in an unfinished state, but filled with beautiful plants in magnificent bloom. Disappointment awaits us at Horticultural Hall. The building is large and showy, and we were led to expect the magnificent luxuriance of the tropics within. Instead of that there are a few varieties of palms, insignificant in size; a few cacti; a rather interesting collection of tree ferns, on one side, and a sheltering-house for bedding and bordering plants on the other. There are numberless private conservatories which could show a greater wealth of foliage, not to say of blossom, of which there is none in the Centennial building. But the visitor must look for the floral display without instead of within. And here, by the time this magazine reaches its readers, there will be a magnificence and abundance of bloom never before seen upon this continent. The broad lawn, which is being sodded as fast as practicable at the time of this writing, and which, in the finished portions, is already becoming a beautiful emerald carpet, is intersected by numerous walks. The sections of ground formed by these walks are given into the charge of different florists, who have cut out variously patterned beds upon the grass, and are now filling them in with trees, shrubbery, foliage plants, and bright-hued flowers. Somewhere on the grounds

are, or will be, as soon as they can be set out, trees from different parts of the world. California and Oregon have sent complete specimens of their trees. Altogether, the out-door display promises to be most interesting and satisfactory, and will make the grounds of the Centennial marvellously beautiful.

Although not expecting to find much that should interest us in Agricultural Hall, we yet felt in duty bound to give a look within its walls. Here a pleasant disappointment awaited us. There is much that will attract the attention of others beside the farmer. Even the show of agricultural implements, appalling as it is to one who has little knowledge of their use, is a suggestive one, in leading the mind to reflect on the enormous strides which science and invention have made in these things during the last decade or so. Then there are collections of stuffed animals and birds from various parts of the world, interesting to the student of natural history. Brazil, we believe it is, displays a beautiful arcade, composed entirely of cotton, displaying within it the different varieties of cotton grown in that country. Then there is an attractive show of the different woods produced by the Brazilian forests. Also a handsome display of the grains, nuts and vegetable products of Brazil.

Here, too, we had the opportunity of examining some preserve-jars invented and patented by Emma Haller, whether Mrs. or Miss we know not. They are self-sealing, without the use of cement, or any of the ordinary contrivances of such jars, and seem to remedy the defects of other jars. Let every housewife give these jars careful attention. The show of fruit preserved in jars of this pattern was beautiful.

But the woman's pavilion awaits us. We were always skeptical about the advisability of separating the labor of women from that of men; and here our worst fears have been confirmed. If it were possible to really make the separation, and compel every woman who exhibited at the Centennial to display the products of her labor in the Woman's Pavilion, it would not be such a bad idea; for then the world might form an accurate estimate of the value of woman's work. As it is, the display is meagre, and unjust to women. The real, strong women of the country have either not been invited to exhibit the products of their brains and hands, or else have chosen to do so in the other buildings, where they are brought into direct comparison and competition with men. Consequently, there is left for exhibition in the "Woman's Department," as it is called, for the most part, only the inferior and most useless labors of the sex. Still, there is much that is worthy of thoughtful attention, and we purpose devoting an entire article to the Pavilion at an early day. The failures of this Exhibition may at least serve to make the next more successful.

The hour for closing is nigh. So, picking our way along the muddy roads, and fearfully conscious of dampness in the air, we turn toward the Main Building.

There is no time to visit that repository of wonders, Machinery Hall. It is fifteen minutes to six, and the Exhibition is supposed to close at six. As we reach the Main Building, a long procession of chair-boys comes pouring out, the duties for the day done. By the way, we have said nothing about the rolling-chairs, in which an invalid or delicate person may be wheeled about all over the buildings and grounds at a very reasonable price, and see everything without fatigue.

We resolve to cut off the extreme north-western end of the Main Building before departing. We look at some wonderfully life-like wax figures in the Norwegian collection, representing the Norwegian and Lappish peasantry in their characteristic costumes. Indeed, we are so attracted by these, that we forget to notice anything else in the department. Crossing through the Japanese Department, we find there is so much to be looked at that it is useless to stop at all. The Chinese Department, equally attractive, is in a

sadly unfinished state; so, with the exception of noticing some curiously-embroidered screens, we pass on without farther note-taking.

People are passing rapidly out, and already our watch indicates a quarter-past six. Reluctantly we pass through the turn-stile, and emerge into the Babel without. The open space in front of the grounds is filled with a press of carriages and street-cars. A wonder arises whether the thousands of people who have been

upon the grounds, even this unpleasent day, will find immediate means of conveyance to the city. But there seems no crowding, no hurrying, and ample provision of transit for all. The various city roads all converging to this spot, seem to furnish ample accommodations for ordinary attendance. It remains to be seen whether the same can be said when the rush of the summer months shall come.

E. B. D.

## Housekeepers' Department.

### RECIPES.

MR. EDITOR: I send you a few recipes which may benefit some of the readers of the HOME.

PASTE FOR SCRAP-BOOKS.—Paste made of wheat flour or corn starch is more satisfactory than mucilage for scrap-books. A little spirits of camphor or diluted carbolic acid will keep it a long time from moulding or souring.

ORNAMENTS FOR THE YARD.—Take an old stump or section of a tree, about three feet high and two and a half feet through. It can, of course, be any size desired. In the centre fasten, firmly, a post six feet high, and two feet from the top of this post fasten a cross-piece three feet long. At the ends of this cross-piece hang rustic baskets, filled with running and hanging vines. From the baskets to the top of the post stretch cord or wire for the vines to run on. Tack bark all over the stump, letting it extend about six inches above the top. Fill with dirt and plant bright moss, verbenas and vines around the centre post, and you will have a beautiful yard ornament.

HASTY SHORT-CAKE.—A very appetizing hasty short-cake is made as follows: Mix with a pint of flour a

lump of butter the size of an egg, rub well with two teaspoons of cream of tartar in flower; powder fine one teaspoon of salsiferous; and one cup of water; make a stiff batter, add flour if needed. If you use sour or buttermilk, you do not need cream of tartar nor as much butter. It is much better made of buttermilk.

NEURALGIA.—For simple neuralgia of the face or any superficial ache, not depending on any organic cause, nothing will act so effectually as rubbing the oil of peppermint into the part. The old man with the gout will get relief from it. As a local anesthetic it will often give relief when chloroform fails.

CURE FOR CORNS.—One teaspoonful of tar, one teaspoonful of coarse brown sugar and one teaspoonful of saltpetre—the whole to be warmed together. Spread on kip leather the size of the corns, and in two days they will be drawn out. This is said to be a certain cure for corns.

MUCILAGE.—Take a dime's worth of gum arabic and a piece of alum as big as a large hickory-nut. Put these in a cup and fill up with soft water. Put it on the stove and let it be kept warm.

ELLA ELLIOTT.

## Fashion Department.

### FASHIONS FOR JULY.

LACE bonnets will be worn more this season than for a long time past. They are usually put on frames of the Pamela or cottage shape, which fit closely over the hair at the back, and flare high above the head in front. This style requires a full face trimming, which may consist of blossoms or lace ruchings. Hats are literally covered with trimming this season. The most delicate blossoms, field flowers and grains, are especial favorites in decoration. Oats, barley and wheat-heads are very pretty on these lace hats. So also are wreaths of mignonette or heliotrope.

One of the prettiest fancies among flowers this season is a hop-vine, the leaves and blossoms being perfect in shape and color. There are numbers of natural preserved grasses, whose yellow, gray and brown tints mingle prettily with the brighter ones of blossoms made by art.

White and colored grenadines are being much used in place of the silks usually selected in trimming hats, and they are both novel and pretty.

English turbans, with high, round crowns, and with close, high brims are beginning to be seen, and will probably become quite popular by fall. They are excellent for travelling, as the wearer can rest her head upon the back of the seat without removing her hat.

There is quite as great diversity in the manner of wearing the hair, as there is in hats and bonnets. It may be parted in the centre, waved at each side of the front and tied at the back of the head in a loose knot. If the lady's own hair is scant, a switch may be added,

coiled around the knot. A piquant effect is produced by adding a comb to this arrangement. The most fashionable style of comb has a narrow and high top; but this style does not suit all faces. A lady with a high forehead must frizz a few locks in front to attain the Grecian effect.

Curls are coming into use again, and are worn in various ways. Hair done in the Chatelaine braid may have a cluster of curls attached by a comb or bow to the cord tying the hair, and falling carelessly about the braid and down the neck. A cluster or two of blossoms added to this arrangement, makes it a very pretty one for evening parties. The hair is sometimes loosely braided, and confined in a long, narrow net of the same color, and caught at the top of the head at the back by means of a comb. A stray curl or two may be caught to the braid on the under side, appearing to have escaped from the net. French twists are being revived, to which curls are added.

Ladies who require their hair arranged high upon the head, have only to coil their own or false hair on the tops of their heads, and allow a few frizzes to fall over their foreheads. Thin hair may be supplemented with finger-puffs, pinned on either diagonally or straight. Finger-puffs are frequently used in various ways in dressing the hair.

Misses and children wear their hair floating, or in braids fastened with bright ribbons a short distance from the ends. A becoming style is to crimp the hair, and combing it off the face, tie it at the back with a gay ribbon.

## New Publications.

**Achsa: A New England Life Study.** By Rev. Peter Pennot. Boston: Lee and Shepard. This is an American story, as its title indicates, of at least average excellence and interest. It possesses the usual amount of sentiment, and introduces the reader to several strongly-marked characters. The New England dialect is very well rendered. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

**Principia; or, Basis of Social Science.** By R. J. Wright. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This is rather a heavy and labored work; yet the person interested in the study of social science will after all find much to repay him for the task of toiling through its pages. The author declares his book to be "a survey of the subject from the moral and theological yet liberal and progressive standpoint." That it is possible to unite these two standpoints, we suppose must be admitted, since so many attempt to do the same thing, and are convinced of their own success. The author declares Spencer "the king of the social scientists," yet differs from him in working for the interests of religion rather than for secular science. He admires Mill, but believes him lacking in feeling, and too essentially English in thoughts and plans. He sets down Fourier as an idealist, with aims too high for practical life. In theology he is a follower of Schleiermacher and M'Cosh. The author's aims are broad—too broad to indicate even in brief notice like the present. His work has already attracted much attention from the press and from educated men throughout the country; and it certainly deserves a careful examination, for the one reason, if for no other, that he is one of the first Americans who have attempted to write thoroughly and exhaustively on topics of a like character.

**The Life, Letters and Table-Talk of Benjamin Robert Haydon.** Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. The *Bric-a-Brac Series* of volumes having proved so almost unprecedentedly popular, a new series of a similar character has been inaugurated, to be called "The San Souci Series." The first volume now lies upon our table. It is an entertaining, gossipy book, about persons and things, art and literary matters. It is a volume especially interesting to artists and art lovers.

**A New Godiva.** By Stanley Hope, Author of "Geoffrey's Wife." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. This story can certainly claim originality for its plot. It is, moreover, well written, and possesses considerable sentiment and pathos. It is an English story, filled with stirring if not sensational events, and will prove acceptable reading.

**Ruthie's Venture; or, Flowers, Fruit and Thorns in Glenbury.** By the Author of "A Summer in the Forest," etc. New York: American Tract Society. This is a genuinely healthful story for young girls and boys to read. It is written in an interesting, lively manner, and will encourage them to be self-helpful in times of difficulty.

**Ishmael; or, In the Depths.** By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. This book is declared to be the very best ever written by its well-known and popular author. It is the story, under a fictitious name, of a man well-known in the annals of our country, and will be read with interest by all Americans.

**Sam's Chance; and How He Improved It.** By Horatio Alger, Jr. Boston: Loring. This volume belongs to the second series of the "Tattered Tom" Stories. It is both interesting and profitable reading for boys.

**Almost a Woman.** By S. Annie Frost. New York: American Tract Society. An excellent story, well told. Some of the characters are finely drawn, and their individuality sustained with noticeable skill. The book is a thoroughly good one, healthy in sentiment and feeling, and should have a wide circulation among growing-up girls, for whom it was written.

**Part XV.** gives the closing number of "A Century After; or, Picturesque Glimpses of Pennsylvania," and is one of the richest in illustration of the whole series. These illustrations are chiefly confined to views on the grounds of the Centennial Exhibition, and are by far the best in drawing and execution that have yet been made. The whole work is exceedingly creditable to Mr. Lauderbach, and is, in most respects, the most artistic of its class that has yet appeared in our country. Published by Allan, Lane & Scott and J. W. Lauderbach, No. 233 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia.

## Editor's Department.

### Disregard of Law by Men in High Positions.

**T**HE recent action of the United States Centennial Commission in confirming the grants made by the Executive Committee for the sale of intoxicating liquors within the Centennial Exhibition Grounds, is one that all right-minded people must deplore. No clearer case of a deliberate violation of law can be found, and neither their high character nor their official position gives them any immunity in the case. The act of our State Legislature, establishing Fairmount Park, expressly declares that "no intoxicating liquor shall be allowed to be sold within said (Fairmount) Park;" and the concession of a portion of this Park for the uses of the Centennial Commission, did not convey to that Commission the right to use it for any purpose in violation of this law. Indeed, the Act of Congress, establishing the Exhibition, subjects it especially to the laws of Pennsylvania.

There can be no clearer case. A child can under-

stand it. If the law says: "No intoxicating liquors shall be allowed to be sold within said Park"—the law is set at defiance if they are sold there; and the men under whose authority this thing is done, fail in good citizenship, and set themselves over to the side of law-breakers. The effort of the Commission to screen itself from responsibility and odium by referring the legal aspect of the question of selling liquor on the Exhibition Grounds, to their solicitor, was unworthy of their intelligence and high character.

If the law says that taking another's goods is theft, no legal opinion is required to determine whether the thief who carries off your coat has broken this law or not. The law says that no intoxicating liquor shall be sold in Fairmount Park. It reads very clearly. Men of ordinary intelligence can see no twist or obscurity in the text thereof. But the Commissioners are in doubt. The law stands in the way of some two hundred thousand dollars of income to the Exhibition, which the shrewd Executive Committee have secured,

and this fact throws over it a haze of obscurity. So they call in their solicitor to help them.

And what says the solicitor—the man of law—the Daniel called to judgment? In substance, simply this: That the Park Commissioners, in temporarily assigning a portion of Fairmount Park to the United States Commission to be used for a World's Fair, set that portion beyond the jurisdiction of the State of Pennsylvania and outside of its laws; and, therefore, gave it as his opinion that intoxicating drinks could be sold there in violation of the laws of the State! He might have added, that, as the United States Commissioners had, under the Park Commissioners' transfer, eminent domain in these two hundred and thirty-six acres, they could, if they chose, license brothels and gambling-houses, and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, within whose territory this thing was done, would be powerless to restrain them!

Did this satisfy the Commissioners? Of course not. They had had too much common sense. But they were in a dilemma. The Executive Committee had already granted large concessions, for large considerations, to the liquor men; and there would be trouble if these concessions were withdrawn. The Executive Committee and the liquor men had entered into a league to violate the law that both might reap a pecuniary harvest; and now, if the Commissioners, under the pressure of an outraged and indignant public sentiment, withdrew from the league and threw their partners overboard, law suite and loss stared them in the face.

It was a sore dilemma into which they had come through lack of an honest respect for the laws of our Commonwealth, and they were not brave enough to take the only honorable way out of it. What did they do? Vote a manly "Aye," or "Nay"? Nothing of the kind! They simply waved all further consideration of the question, and let the concessions made by the Executive Committee stand!

Here is the simple story, and it is a sad and disgraceful one. If men occupying some of the highest positions of honor and trust in the country, thus openly and deliberately set law, the safeguard of the people, at defiance, what can be hoped for the masses?

It is a painful and an ungracious task thus to arraign, and hold up to condemnation, men so high in public confidence, and in most things so worthy of confidence, as our United States Centennial Commissioners; but they have not, in this thing, been true to their trust, and the fact should be neither concealed nor palliated.

Against this great legal and moral wrong, the temperance men of the country have contented themselves with simple remonstrance. Why do they not meet the issue thus boldly thrown upon them by an appeal to the law, and demand an injunction from the Courts of Pennsylvania, restraining the Commission in this high-handed violation of a statute of the Commonwealth? Can they be true to their principles and hesitate?

#### Froebel's Kindergarten Occupations for the Family.

**E.** STEIGER, No. 22 Frankfort St., New York, has just published Froebel's Kindergarten Occupations for the Family. They are in four parts, each in a neat and strong paper box. No. 1 is for "Stick Laying," and contains five hundred assorted sticks from one to five inches long, and two hundred and sixty-five designs on twelve plates. No. 2 is for "Drawing," and contains a slate, with pencils, and ninety-four designs on twelve plates. No. 3 is for "Perforating," and contains two perforating needles, one perforating cushion, one package of twenty leaves of paper ruled in squares, and ninety-three designs on twelve plates. No. 4 is for "Weaving," and contains one steel weaving needle, twenty mats of assorted colors and widths, with corresponding strips, and sixty designs on twelve plates.

As a substitute for toys, and other amusements, these

"Occupations," will be found very attractive for children, combining, as they do, interest and pleasure with instruction. In using them a child gains manual skill, artistic taste and a fondness for useful employment.

The cost of the "Occupations" is seventy-five cents each part. They are published by E. Steiger, No. 22 Frankfort St., New York, who can supply a large variety of kindergarten toys and appliances, with the requisite instruction for using them.

**J**OHN H. HEWITT is about publishing his recollections of Baltimore for the past fifty years, under the title of "Shadows on the Wall." As an old resident of the Monumental City, and familiar with its literature and literary men, his recollections cannot fail to possess many points of interest. Mr. Hewitt was one of the pioneers of periodical literature in Baltimore, and as editor of the *Minerva*, published over forty years ago, was very popular for his talents, wit and genial humor.

## Publishers' Department.

#### Lives and Portraits of all the Presidents.

In this neat and handsomely printed book, published at the office of the HOME MAGAZINE, you have in the compass of 72 carefully written pages, not only the biographies of the eighteen American citizens who occupied the Executive chair during the first century of our national existence, but a connected civil and political history of the country during the one hundred years of its marvellous progress. Added thereto is the full text of *The Constitution of the United States, with all the amendments*, giving the book a still higher value to every citizen.

Besides the biographies and the Constitution, there are eighteen finely-engraved portraits. The book is gotten up in the very best style, the cover handsomely printed in colors, and containing views of the Centennial Buildings and the Capitol at Washington.

*All this for only twenty-five cents. Sent by mail, postage paid.*

#### Strangers' Pocket-Guide to the Centennial.

The publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE have issued a neat and carefully-prepared Guide to the Centennial Exposition, in which will be found clear and ample directions for visitors to the city and the Exposition Grounds. It contains all the essential features of the larger and more expensive Guide-Books; with particular information as to what the visitor should do on reaching the city; where to find hotels and boarding-houses; cost of living; what to do, where to go, and how to get there, etc. Price 10 cents, *sent by mail*.

#### Business Notices.

Our friends who visit Philadelphia during the great Exposition, should not fail to pay a visit to the elegant establishment of Messrs. Robbins, Biddle & Co., Jewelers, No. 1124 Chestnut Street. Their stock of jewelry, silverware and fancy goods is very large and complete. See their advertisement on last page of cover.

#### Leamon's Dyes Color Silks.

**Leamon's Dyes Color Woollens.**

#### Leamon's Dyes Color Cottons.

**Leamon's Dyes Color Anything.**

Druggists sell them. A book giving full and explicit directions will be sent to any one by addressing the proprietors, WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

HOME MAGAZINE ADVERTISER.

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between KRISHNA and ARJUNA.

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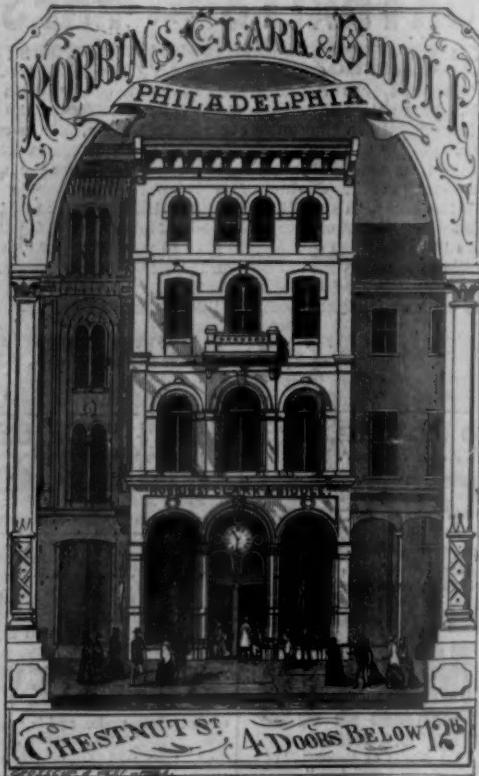
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